



# The Bookman's Monthly Score

From The Bookman (November, 1937)

A list of books most in demand in public libraries, compiled by Frank Parker, Stockbridge, as member of the American Library Association in cooperation with the Public Librarians of America.

## GENERAL

1. Mother India	Katherine Mayo	HARVARD
2. Strange Intimacy	Ernest O'Neill	LYNNHURST
3. Dances	Anita Moorme	LYNNHURST
4. Napoleon	Emil Ludwig	LYNNHURST
5. Trader Horn	Alfred Aloysius Horn and Esmeralda Lente	LYNNHURST
6. Safari	Adrian Johnson	LYNNHURST
7. The Royal Road to Romance	Richard Halliburton	LYNNHURST
8. My Life	Isadora Duncan	LYNNHURST
9. The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Capitalism and Socialism	George Bernard Shaw	LYNNHURST
10. The German Adventure*	Richard Halliburton	LYNNHURST
11. Skyward	Richard Byrd	LYNNHURST
12. Bismarck	Emil Ludwig	LYNNHURST

## FICTION

1. The Bridge of San Luis Rey	Thornton Wilder	A. & C. Bon
2. Swan Song	John Galsworthy	SCARLETT
3. The Green Murder Case	S. S. Van Dine	SCARLETT
4. Whitestones	Hugh Walpole	DOUGLASS
5. Beau Ideal*	P. C. Wren	LYNNHURST
6. The Island Within	Ludwig Lewisohn	LYNNHURST
7. Two Fugitive Lys	Mary Roberts Rinehart	DOUGLASS
8. The Age of Reason*	Philip Gibbs	DOUGLASS
9. Bad Girl*	Vina Davis	HARVARD
10. Brook Evans	Susan Glaspell	SCARLETT
11. Death Comes for the Archbishop	Willis Garber	LYNNHURST
12. Kitty	Warwick Latham	LYNNHURST

\*This title did not appear in the Monthly Score given in our November issue.

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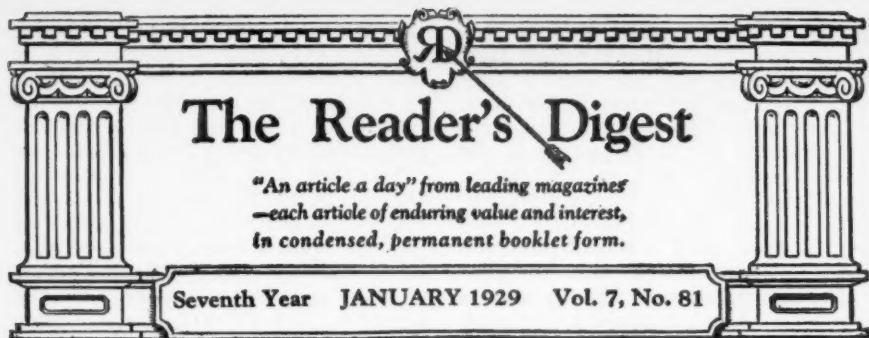
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## *President-Elect Hoover*

Condensed from *Current History* (December, '28)

*President Ray Lyman Wilbur of Stanford University*

MY first acquaintance with Herbert Hoover came 36 years ago when, as a newly arrived freshman at Stanford University, he knocked on my door to see whether I would send my laundry to the company of which he was the agent. He not only got my rather limited business, but became my friend, offering me some good suggestions about getting a job to help out my precarious finances. Since then I have been associated with him in college politics, war work in Washington, university business, community chest enterprises, child health organizations and relief activities. I have camped and fished with him, and been in the same automobile accidents. His children have gone to school with mine. I have been in constant touch with him since college days and have a first-hand knowledge of his remarkable career.

He first assumed prominence in college days by his advocacy of a new Students' Constitution, and of better business organization of student athletics and other activities. Although an orphan boy and a self-made college man, he refused to take a salary as Treasurer of the Associated Students as

provided for under the new Constitution since he had worked only to put the plan through, and would accept no personal advantage from it. The voucher system which he adopted, following the plan of the United States Geological Survey, with which he had personal experience during his vacations, compelled a complete financial accounting. This is typical of all his later financial plans during the period when his organizations handled hundreds of millions of dollars. His sense of service and trusteeship is so strong that he has always insisted on paying his personal expenses and never receiving a salary in anything except his professional work. There was a rare prevision in this, as it has since hampered the vultures seeking for carrion.

Boys living together in a university, engaging in the sharp politics of college life, learn to know each other well. I can say frankly that Hoover has been no surprise to me as he has gone forward in the life of the world. His qualities today are the ones I saw in him as a boy; they are simply operating in a larger way. When I hear it said that Hoover is no politician, I wonder what the term

means. He understood politics well enough to win his battles in college days, to handle European politicians as they were never handled before in war days, to get the needed appropriations from Congress for the rapid growth of the great Department of Commerce during his official activity at Washington, and to get nominated at Kansas City. Not only is he a good practical politician but he is a statesman as well.

At Stanford, Hoover left the reputation of a modest, effective leader with keen financial sense, unusual fighting abilities for what he considered right, and of a prize student in geology and mining. I can remember that just after his graduation, and before he got a job as a day laborer in one of the deep gold mines at Grass Valley, we were talking together about our aspirations. He surprised me by telling me that I could be a professor, or even President of Stanford, if I did not want to go on and study to be a physician, as was my plan. Even then he had that uncanny ability to recognize the possibilities in other men which has permitted him to build up rapidly great volunteer and governmental organizations through the selection of a capable personnel.

After a few mining jobs in the Western States, his chance came when a position was offered to him in the gold mines of Australia. There began with him that knowledge of other peoples and other nations which has been of such benefit to the United States in the positions which he has held as Food Administrator and Secretary of Commerce and will make him of inestimable service to us in the years to come. He soon sent back for some of his fellow-American engineers, who began to call him "the Chief"—that title which has since followed him into every phase of his work. He had been "Bert" to us all in college. He and his engineers began to order American mining machinery, and to introduce new methods of refining ores which proved highly profitable. Before long he passed through California on his way to Europe to report on his work to his superiors. When I saw him

then, he was growing a beard and trying to appear old enough to be impressive, for in his middle twenties he found it difficult to overcome his juvenile appearance. Nevertheless, his brain won for him new responsibilities and a fine job in China.

He took Lou Henry, a Stanford student, along this time as his bride. She was an out-of-doors girl, interested in rocks, flowers, trees, horses, and hills. Their marriage was the natural result of the friendly association of the laboratory and the campus. In China, they lived through the Boxer Rebellion. Hoover knew that I was just getting a start, so he sent me a check one day asking me to order several thousand dollars' worth of assay and mining supplies and ship them by a certain boat, and to take a commission for myself. The supplies reached Tien-tsin just in time to be burned up by the Boxers, but the commission did me a lot of good. I mention this because it is so characteristic of the way in which he has helped hundreds of others.

Returning from China, Mr. Hoover soon opened professional offices in San Francisco and rented a home on the campus of Stanford. Not until he was elected trustee of the university in 1912 did he buy a home on the campus, where he and Mrs. Hoover had always wished to live. The period between his graduation in 1895 and his selection as a trustee in 1912 was the one in which he built up his great reputation as a mining engineer. In this he acquired a moderate fortune, largely from his salary and consultation fees.

In 1914 he was in Europe representing the International Exposition in San Francisco which was to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal. He had been given the difficult task of securing the participation of some of the European countries. With thousands of other fellow-Americans, he was caught there by the war. Their letters of credit were valueless, and they were unable to make any plans or to care for themselves. With others, he soon arranged a financial scheme by which they were not only assisted but trans-



ported home. This attracted the attention of Ambassador Page, so that when the problem of feeding the people of Belgium and of Northern France who were inside the occupied zone came up for settlement Mr. Page recommended Mr. Hoover, and he was given that gigantic responsibility. In order to accept it, he had to cut loose from his active professional career, and since that date he has been engaged entirely in public or governmental service.

I do not need to recall here the skill and leadership shown in the feeding of these distressed peoples. I like best to think not of his great organizing skill and of the successful negotiations with governments, but of the confidence which he soon secured from all sides. Think of a man who could go from one war front to the other in the midst of the greatest war and the greatest suspicion in history without question of any sort. His own signature was his passport. He crossed the Channel many times through the submarine zone; his ship was once bombed by an airplane and he narrowly escaped death.

The Belgian Relief was a great volunteer enterprise. While relief funds were given by the different governments, large sums were given voluntarily, and the workers, drawn principally from America, were men and women attracted to Hoover's side by the opportunity for service. His unique qualities of leadership are shown best in voluntary organizations. He asks no one to work harder than he works, or to give more than he gives. His method is that of teamwork. When agreements are reached, he carries them through the way a captain commands his ship, modifying his course to meet conditions that may arise.

When we entered the war, President Wilson, through the National Council of Defense, sent for Mr. Hoover to come to the United States to give assistance in the organization of our food problems. These had been found to be of pre-eminent importance in every country engaged in the war. My own part in

that program was to organize the food conservation division.

Rarely, if ever, in the history of any nation has there been such an enterprise. Mr. Hoover discarded the plan of forced rationing used in other countries, and had his work called by the name of Food Administration, not Food Control. He appealed to the American home, and organized millions of these homes into a great volunteer unit, where every man, woman and child could play a contributing part in saving food for the soldiers of our army and the peoples of the Allied countries. With the submarine destroying shipping at an alarming rate, the necessity of transporting food from the nearest port, and the need of prompt action, because of the shortage of wheat, a series of difficult problems had to be faced. All of us remember the spirit which animated the Food Administration, and the wonderful service which the women of America brought in this way to their country. It was a colossal educational project, where a whole people had to be convinced and stimulated so to act at each meal as to help win the war. Mr. Hoover knew the fundamental idealism of our people, the devotion of the American woman to a cause, the romantic urge of the American boy and girl for service and sacrifice. He called on the volunteer spirit with confidence when many of those about him were urging drastic regulations. He seemed at first to be only an idealist, but when the practical results poured in in the form of 50,000,000 bushels of wheat saved by the American people and landed among the soldiers in Europe, the critics changed their minds.

In the handling of the large food business of the country, conference and coöperation were the methods adopted. Literally hundreds of groups, representing all phases of organized American life, came to Washington to discuss their problems, or to serve as experts in advising those in charge of the Food Administration. Mr. Hoover demonstrated a degree of patience and a skill in the handling of these groups that was

the marvel of all his fellow workers.

I know of no one who is more willing to listen to facts than Mr. Hoover. He will change his point of view at any time if he can be shown that he is wrong by the presentation of facts unknown to him. He has the mind of a scientist seeking practical solutions to problems.

When the armistice came, Mr. Hoover immediately transferred a portion of his staff and went himself to Europe. Every American is familiar with the part which he played in bringing order out of chaos there by supplying food to hungry peoples. It was to the children of Europe that Mr. Hoover felt an immediate personal responsibility. He felt that they were not responsible for what their countries had done, and that they had suffered in a most unreasonable manner. The sending of food to the children of Germany, the organization of Finland, the protection of Austria and of Hungary from starvation were all worked out by Americans under American direction. There have been great pageants in history, great processions of soldiers going to or returning from war, but I like to think that the most remarkable procession of all times occurred in Poland when tens of thousands of children carrying our flag paraded before Mr. Hoover—a private American citizen—to express the gratitude of a whole people for what had been done for them under his leadership.

We have in the possession of Stanford University, in the Hoover war library, the full records of all these relief organizations, including the financial statements as worked out by auditors unconnected with Mr. Hoover's staff and selected by others. Every penny is accounted for, even though, when the French Government was asked to audit one of the accounts covering the distribution of many millions of francs for the people in the occupied portion of France, the French Minister of Finance stated that they had other things more worth while to do than to check up on the honesty and capacity of Mr. Hoover.

Later on, in the great Russian famine, Mr. Hoover's appeal to the people of

the United States and to other countries made it possible to save millions from starvation and degradation. A sample of his qualities in emergency organization was shown in the recent Mississippi flood. Any one of these great projects would have been a life work for almost any other man. His genius for organization, his skill in selecting others to assist him, and his knowledge of world finance and world affairs permit him to do easily what would be practically impossible for many others. He has a searchlight mind, and is able to turn it full blast on one subject after another. This, combined with a splendid memory, makes him effective in many fields. He is essentially a doer, not a talker. Obstacles are invitations to his mind. He instinctively seeks a way through, over, and around. This has brought many problems to his door and has given him the name of the best "troubleshooter" in Washington.

His career as Secretary of Commerce is familiar to everyone. His conduct of this department has been singularly free from criticism.

Such is the record of a great American who has served his country at home and abroad. If there is a saner and a more loyal American, I have never seen one. He has been in all parts of the world; he has handled large affairs in many of them. He knows the habits, the methods of thought, and the aspirations, as well as the commercial and human needs of the people of the earth. Now that the world has grown smaller with modern transportation of goods, men, and information; now that the world's supply of foods and materials is held in common by the human family, and now, when a prodigious but delicate economic machine has been constructed to handle our affairs, a man of Hoover's training in the position of leadership is vital. I look for a new era of international understanding under his guidance. Conference and coöperation are now the established methods of business. With him, they will become *the* methods of international relations. He believes in the solvent power of goodwill.

# Unknown America

Condensed from The Century Magazine (December, '28)

Lewis F. Carr

APPARENTLY, we do not know our America. Perhaps nobody does. I do not claim to. But the existence of a certain kind of ignorance about America has been impressing itself upon me for some time. After many years in the hinterlands of this country, in the rural districts along the backroads, I have come to dwell among your skyscrapers. And though I remember that my country friends had rather quaint ideas about you city people, I find that you have just as hazy notions about them.

Do you remember the character of *Mrs. Cagle* in the recent play "Sun Up"? A woman of the mountain people of the Southern Appalachians, she was essentially a 17th century person, though living in the 20th. Her conceptions and her speech were archaic. The law was something that killed her men-folks or deprived them of their lawful means of livelihood, moonshining. The greatest distance imaginable was "40 miles beyond Asheville." All enemies were "Yankees," and any one who came from farther than ten miles from her cabin was a "furriner."

*Mrs. Cagle* was part of our unknown America, a part aptly portrayed. There are half a million replicas of *Mrs. Cagle* in this country today—poor, ignorant, native-born, white women, "thin and wrinkled in youth from ill-prepared food, clad without warmth or grace, living in untidy houses, working from daylight to bedtime, the mothers of joyless children, worn-out with excessive child-bearing, and encrusted with a shell of dull content."

More appalling is the larger class of illiterates. Our national percentage of

illiteracy is six percent—higher than in nine other nations of the world. The number runs over 18 percent in some of our states. In the hinterlands you may not assume, as you do in the city, that everyone can read and write. I once sold some cattle to a cow-man. He was well dressed—gold watch and chain—and well spoken. We made the count, then I asked him to compute the gross amount and write his check. Imagine my surprise—the man could neither read nor write. I did the figuring; I wrote the check; I signed his name; he made his cross mark. The amount was about \$8,000.

There are counties in America, like transplanted areas of the dark continents, where 60 percent of the population is illiterate!

It has been rather the fashion of late for economists to prophesy that within five years we shall have an America without poverty, without illiteracy, and with a minimum of disease. These general "blurbs" about America, made by urban leaders of thought, are utterly misleading when applied to other sections.

With the word "Americanism" we associate progress and efficiency. America is apt at engineering things, so that one man can do the work of from two to 50. Yet on 40 percent of our farms one man is doing the work of only one man, or of one man and a fraction. In the border states and in the South you will still see one man plowing one horse after the fashion of 150 years ago.

This farming has serious consequences. Some 15,000,000 people are depending on this archaic, one-horse farming. The actual wages of such labor

cannot be higher than 35 or 40 cents a day. In those sections one can hire a good cook for three dollars a week and get very pretty little dresses for the children made for 30 cents each. It is in such sections too that the maximum salary of school-teachers ranges around \$65 a month. Of course only those with minimum qualifications are attracted. I lately asked the principal of such a school what mischief certain rowdy boys had done. "Well," he said, "I don't think they done much. They throwed some bricks at the door. . . ." A principal of an American school!

It is of these people in one section that Herman Steen wrote lately: "For 60 years, poverty and distress have stalked across the plantations of Dixie, and a dozen states are blinded by illiteracy." And in 1918, at the beginning of the last year of the war, George Pattullo wrote: "We are beset continually by wails relative to Europe and her starving millions. The truth is that there is no more distress, hardship and privation among the people of Europe, *in spite of war and every attendant horror* than is suffered annually by the poor cotton-farmers in the United States." I have lived among the people described, and I know that these statements are not exaggerated, though my urban friends will find them difficult or impossible to comprehend.

In financial matters you, my urban friends, assume that as a matter of course your bank will always be in business and able to lend money on a record of earnings. But we of the farm persuasion do not assume anything of the kind. We have had banks "bust right in our faces." With country bank failures increased some 550 percent over the normal in the past eight years, and with farm bankruptcies increased 1000 percent over normal (while the rate among industrial concerns remained normal) we cannot share your confidence in financial institutions. The wisest among us put our dollars in the safest place imaginable and no promises of profit can pull them out.

You assume something else—health.

We do not. You probably think of "chills and fever" as something that affected your great-grandfather, possibly, but not as a disease which menaces you. But I have heard it claimed that there are 10,000,000 people suffering from malaria in this country, and I think the figure reasonable.

And then hookworm! Its existence is denied in many localities. But in 1910, certain responsible authorities estimated that from 20 to 50 percent of the populations of various States were suffering from hookworm. And in many sections almost nothing has been done to eradicate it. Here are people more degraded than any I had ever met before, poor beyond description, shiftless, hopeless, and yet withal rather well-spoken and coming from good original stock. They are often miserably sick, and yet so ignorant that they do not even know they are sick.

And then pellagra and malnutrition. The people of the hinterlands suffer from these conditions. Dwelling in the midst of a garden of plenty, our farmers too often "live out of a tin can and a paper sack." Especially is this true in sections devoted to one-crop farming. It is often impossible to buy fruit and vegetables, eggs and milk. Food is "store-bought" stuff, and they suffer from that fact.

Finally, it has been proved beyond question that certain types of our agriculture, practised by millions, do not pay at all. The sections using them exist only through the sale of natural resources, timber, turpentine, oil, clays and the like, and by day labor in other lines. Before poverty disappears, profitable systems of agriculture must be devised and adopted.

All these things combined give us of the hinterlands a conception of America slightly different from yours, an America that can hardly accept the statements that your leaders of thought are making. Though we of the country are almost as numerous as you of the city, we are often left largely out of the picture. For this reason, we have to grant the truth of the term, "Unknown America."

# *The Cost of Prosperity*

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (December, '28)

*James Truslow Adams*

**N**OW that it is unhesitatingly accepted by almost everyone that we have reached "the highest standard of living in the history of the world," it may be worth while to consider what some of the by-products of the processes involved have been. I do not question the comfort and convenience of the new mechanical aids to living, but I should like to glance at the burden of the man who has to pay for them in order to maintain his family according to the "American standard."

Mass production, which has largely brought about this high standard, is largely destroying the old idea of thrift and saving. We are told by leaders of the world of mass production that thrift is out of date. One of them writes that "we have committed ourselves to a standard of living far beyond our wildest pre-war dreams. We cannot make good except by producing more wealth, and always ahead is advertising with its alluring images of what work will buy. Americans have passed out of the period where they care about petty economies. It is impossible to call them back to petty thrift, and I personally am glad of it."

Another factor that makes thrift appear hopeless is that savings do not seem to go anywhere when made from a modest income. Although the cost of living has easily tripled in 30 years, the income from most sound investments has not gone up at all. When one saves \$1000 and contemplates the \$50 or even \$60 a year that that will bring in income, and thinks how many \$50's it will take to support him and his family, he wonders whether it is worth while to pinch for so meager a result.

In a recent study of the income and expenses of nearly a hundred families of the members of the faculty of the University of California, it is shown that the average savings per family including life insurance are \$360.

Life insurance is often considered as the equivalent of savings. Life insurance is excellent and essential, but only in its more expensive forms does it permit the insurer himself to enjoy the benefits of it, and straight life policies are no protection for one's own old age. Even if one insures against accident, sickness, and death, there are many emergencies in life which can only be met from one's own saved money. Is it any wonder that there has been a rush in the last decade for common stocks and speculation when the newspapers continually tell of stupendous profits, when business leaders decry thrift, and the cost of living gives us a kick from behind?

What are some of the other social effects of the high standard? Obviously, if we are to buy new things and pay double for the old, some things have to go. We are electing, in many cases, to let go the home. In urban centers, at least, the people who 15 years ago lived in comfortable homes are by no means comfortable today. The New York papers advertise "beautiful one-room homes" consisting of a room 11 by 14 with a bath, a bed that folds into the wall, and a cooking shelf in a dark closet. The one I have in mind costs as much in yearly rent as a three-story house cost my father 25 years ago—that is, \$1200.

The unsatisfactory character of the new homes is proved beyond dispute by



the restlessness engendered. This October in New York alone 100,000 families, involving at the lowest estimate 300,000 people, moved from one apartment to another. What memories can cluster about his "childhood home" for a child who is thus dragged from one to another by parents in search of cheaper rents or the latest garbage incinerators?

What has been the effect on the professional and intellectual classes? It is sometimes said that those who are given to dire comment on this subject are merely those who have failed to adjust themselves, that is, make *large* incomes. But, according to present modes of dividing income, how *can* these classes adjust themselves except by abandoning their work and going into business?

A minimum wage budget prepared in a street railway dispute showed that on a salary of \$1900 a year a family of five can allow: \$12 a year for education, \$30 for all reading matter, and \$12.20 for tobacco and all recreation. The average pay of all clergymen throughout the United States is \$735 a year. The average pay of teachers throughout the country districts of the Middle Atlantic States is \$870. How are they to adjust themselves?

What are the opportunities for a man of scholarly tastes? Summing up the results of the California faculty investigation, the investigator says that "it seems safe to say that a young man entering a university faculty after three to five years' apprenticeship can command a salary of less than \$2000 for the first two years, and \$3000 to \$4000 after six to 15 years of service." How are these men to adjust themselves? Most of them do extra work to earn money as, in 40 percent of the cases, do the wives also. In the days before the "high standard" a vacation was a period to rest and get a fresh point of view. Now, we read, 40 percent of the faculty took less than two weeks' vacation; yet recently the men in the building trades in New York laid down their demand for every Saturday off on full pay, equivalent to six and a half weeks' vacation

from purely physical work requiring practically no mental preparation or recuperation.

The cost of living is certainly from 200 to 250 percent of what it was a decade before the War. "Index figures" are misleading. It is of little importance to the average man whether pig lead is up 25 or 50 percent. It is of prime importance to him, as I can show by my check-book, that a cook who cost \$30 a month then costs \$75 now, and that a suit which cost \$28 then costs at the same store \$74 now, and so on.

Business rewards are greater than ever for those who are successful, but granted the social value of the business man's services and granted also the "dignity of labor," it may well be asked whether a standard of living is really intrinsically high which thus places additional burdens on the shoulders of whole classes of the country's spiritual and intellectual leadership, its clergymen, its teachers, in order to lighten the load of carpenters, cooks, and chambermaids? I have every sympathy with labor, but its increased share of the national income should come from the accumulating surplus, the location of which is very clearly indicated from the income tax lists, and not from mulcting the professional and clerical classes scarcely a step now in the economic scale above labor itself.

Granted that we now have billionaires where even millionaires were relatively scarce a generation ago, that labor has risen a little farther above the subsistence level, and that science has given us innumerable toys and conveniences, has not the gulf in comfort widened infinitely between rich and poor? Has the nation as a whole gained or lost in contentment, peace of mind, and spiritual as well as material comfort by forcing the decline of the middle-class, and striving for a prosperity which can be maintained only by making people want more, and work more, all the time?

"The highest standard of living ever attained in the history of the world?"



## *Mail from the Moon*

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly (November 14, '28)

W. B. Courtney

IT is nine-thirty of a muggy summer night at Hadley Airport, New Jersey, Eastern core of the country's air-mail web. The ground crew of the National Air Transport is methodically stowing mail sacks and express packages into the forward cockpit of a Doulgas biplane. The Liberty motor is warming up—400 imprisoned horses champing on velvet-padded hoofs.

The Weather Bureau observer on duty comes out. "You'll need one of your best bad-weather pilots tonight," he says.

A sport roadster skids around the hangar and comes to a sudden stop. Dean C. Smith, star air-mail pilot, six feet four and boyish, has reported for work.

The Dean studies his weather chart while he buttons his helmet: "—west wind, 6 to 8 miles per hour to 3000—sudden rise to 30 miles per hour at 3000; gale aloft; fog at Woodward—"

"Got to be careful between here and Woodward, Dean—can't get much altitude if you want to make headway," says the observer.

"Uh-huh!" says the Dean, pulling up his parachute shoulder straps. There is no excitement or bustle attending these preparations for the most spectacular of modern professions—flying the night air mail.

Soon he is in his plane. All set. Ship 31 scuttles across the turf, radiant under the floodlights, charges into the very teeth of the wind, and a great black flood washes the world away beneath it. The pilot is alone with infinity, thrilling with the knowledge that now everything is up to him.

Eleven hundred feet up the beacons of Hadley disappear suddenly in fog. The

Dean fastens tense interest upon his instrument board. He is serene, though the next hour will be one of the most hazardous jobs of the air—blind flying. The air is rough tonight. The tossing of the ship causes the compass needle to jiggle crazily, so that unflagging concentration is needed to stick to a course. On nights that are halfway decent it is easy to steer by beacons spattered zigzag over plains and mountains, every ten miles or so.

Within the misty aura of his lighted cockpit he has his laboratory, his chart room, his study, his observatory. Every air-mail flyer must be a good deal of a scientist, meteorologist, navigator—and student. And something of a philosopher, provided he doesn't become absent-minded. It amuses the pilot, as he thinks of the letters he carries, to know that the folks who posted them are by now settled down in their favorite reading chairs at home, or in movie houses, with never a thought for the courier whose highly skilled services, whose years of hazardous and exacting experiences, they command for five cents!

He looks at his clock. Well, the Kittatiny Mountains are just ahead—or should be! It's time to put more saving air between his floorboard and the treetops. These mountains average 1500. He pulls his stick back gently, and runs up a ramp of air to 3000. He has glimpsed no ground blues as to how accurately he is holding his compass course; or what his ground speed is. His airspeed indicator shows 100 miles an hour. But he can only *feel* by a sort of "wind sense" what his speed is in relation to the ground!

He aims to hold an altitude of 2800. In a few minutes he will be over one of the most dangerous blotches of flying country in the world, from Tamaqua across ridge after ridge to Numidia. The cat at a mousehole is a lax creature compared to the Dean watching his instrument board. Before the simple bank indicator was thought of, pilots depending on human senses alone, often turned upside down in clouds of fog, or headed straight into the ground, and did not know it—in time.

The Dean is worried, for he is approaching Woodward Pass, the Hell Gate of the airways, and the headwinds are coming lower. If he were riding high he wouldn't be concerned. But necessity holds him down, if he is to get beyond the mountains with any gas in his tank. He begins to prepare for the pass, the cut through a turbulent sea of rock billows breaking 2500 feet or more into the air. It's marked with eight beacons in ten miles. He'd feel most comfortable with their tops 2000 feet below him. That means 4500 feet above sea level. He bucks up a long runway of air, and the stout ship and motor plunge into the gale at 4500 feet. Immediately he feels it is too much for them. And the air is so rough it is impossible to maintain a compass bearing. Reluctantly he noses down until, at 2900, he senses better headway. Now he calls upon every faculty to hold that precious few hundred feet of clear margin!

Suddenly it seems as if a giant hand reaches out of the air above, takes hold of the Douglas, and presses it earthward with stomach-turning swiftness. An air pocket. The pilot quietly works to remaster his ship. It fetches up with a wrench at 2600. That downward current of air has snatched 300 feet of life-giving altitude.

He draws his stick and starts to climb back to safety, when he is caught in another, crazy, rushing cataract of wind. Down—down—

Jump? There's no thought of it in his mind. No air pocket extends clear to the ground. There are times when

anyone has to jump. But most air-mail men have contempt for mates who have too quick recourse to the parachute.

Another wrench, a wobbling and strumming, and he has the might of the Liberty in hand again, and once more fights up. He has no definite idea where he is, but a very definite notion that wherever he is he isn't half high enough. Then comes a break in the soup; there are the close-set beacons of Woodward Pass—*above* him! Almost in the same moment he feels the slightest scrape on his right wing tip.

Already he has felt a flick from the finger of eternity. Now he is flying blind within 100 feet, perhaps 100 inches, of the mountains. Calmly he keeps swinging slightly to the left of the line of beacons as he visualized them in that one glance, keeps his stick back, and gives the ship gas to its limit.

Another gust that makes the struts hum, and another rift. The beacons are dropping away over the right cowl. He's clear.

Presently he sails out from the last cloudbanks into smooth air over a land newly washed by rain, glistening in a soft, remote way under full moonlight. Another hour and he sees innumerable black dots—suburban housetops. He glances off through the right wing tips, and sees tall shapes serrating a black horizon. Cleveland. A dream city on a phantom sea.

Now the floodlighted municipal airport, ten miles beyond the city. He sets Ship 31 on the ground in the gentle way for which he is famous in the service, and the ground crew are swarming over his plane in a jiffy. He climbs out and stretches.

"Hey, Dean," hails a mechanic, "this wing tip is full of green stains and twigs. Have you been trying to push over some trees?" But the Dean is already strolling away. For he is the pilot who once turned in this classic flight report:

"Dead stick—flying low—only place available, on cow. Killed cow—wrecked plane—scared me. Smith."

# Citroen

Condensed from *The World's Work* (December, '28)

*James C. Young*

**S**TAND upon the heights of Montmartre at night and look across two miles of roof-tops to the famous Eiffel Tower. Suddenly the darkness is riven; lightning strikes the distant tower. But there is no crash. The flash was merely the first phase of an illusion such as the eye never saw before. For a minute the lightning plays up and down the 1000-foot tower, visible 40 kilometers distant. Then the white electric bulbs give way to red, and the tower is in flames, surging up from the base. The tower looks ready to fall in a charred mass when slowly a fountain, achieved by white bulbs again, spurts at the bottom and drenches the flames above. This third phase of the illusion leaves an onlooker breathless, but he is now to see a shower of stars fall over the tower, stars in six colors, brilliant against the night. A deluge of comets follows them, chasing one another. A red patch forms at the top and resolves into a capital C 30 meters high. Next comes an I, succeeded by five more letters, spelling the name "Citroen."

Such is the world's greatest advertisement, for which the French Government receives a record revenue. Neither the government nor André Citroen will divulge the price, although both agree that it is as high as the tower. Post-war France, seeking revenue everywhere, could not resist the automobile maker's bid to convert a national monument into an amazing spectacle—for the wider renown of the Citroen car.

Mr. Citroen is the foremost figure in the Old World in everything that pertains to the modern day. Americans know him best as the "Ford of France,"

but his own name has luster enough without borrowing. He has shown his imagination by sending a fleet of his cars across the Sahara Desert, mounted on caterpillar running gear. Thus the automobile conquered the shifting sands, opening new horizons in motor transportation. Not satisfied with this, he started a second expedition of eight cars from Algeria through central Africa. That expedition was an epic, winding down to Cape Town and finally touring Madagascar. It proved conclusively what the first expedition had shown: that motor cars can go practically anywhere.

M. Citroen is slight of stature, with a quick, nervous manner that reflects rapid concentration and a lively play of mind. In 1912 he came to America, catching his first glimpse of the industrial world that was to influence his own activities. Then the war brought him an unexpected task, manufacturing shells on a broad scale. American machinery entered largely into this work.

With the end of the war he shifted his activities once more to automobile manufacture. It was no slight matter to lay aside war problems and begin virtually a new enterprise. In 1919 his organization was able to make only 30 cars a day—a figure that has since grown to 400. He believed that mass production of motor cars offered the only means for Europe to compete with America. And could he be the first to engage in such production on the American plan, then he might well claim a sizeable share of the Continental trade.

Step by step the Citroen plant has become the principal motor industry of

the Old World. In its principal plant a conveyor system transplanted from Detroit makes it possible to manufacture automobiles *en grande série*, the French equivalent of mass production.

Any engineer would feel his heart warmed by a view of the Citroen plant. Observation would show him that the plant works easily. All of its parts mesh well and seem in harmony. The French worker has an offhand way of doing things that might strike an American eye as inefficient. But his manner is deceiving, for he has much skill in his fingers and no little knowledge under his hat. He drives a rivet carelessly, as might an artist, but examination will show the rivet to be deep in its socket.

No experiment in the psychology of industry could be more interesting than this adaptation of American ways to French temperament. M. Citroen operates on the basis of mass production, but it is a modified scale. For instance, the French worker would never be contented to spend his life doing one job. He has something of the artist about him. He dislikes doing the same thing twice in the same way, even if it is only tying up bundles.

Therefore mass production *à la Citroen* is more humanized than it is on the American plan. The French worker changes from one job to another. His superiors believe that this makes him a better workman. Certainly the variety keeps him more contented. He does not develop the "grouch" common to machine industry. Neither does he get the leaden, beaten look in his eye that can be seen in so many American plants. Instead, the French worker is generally cheerful. He takes pride in his work. He has an understanding of economy in materials and the use of tools that no American ever thought about. Take him by and large he is a first class workman.

Citroen cars are assembled with the dispatch and thoroughness made famous by Ford. Yet there is always the French touch, the "something different"

that marks the race. Pride is the strongest motive in the French heart. The man who drives the final stitch into the upholstery, or applies the last daub of paint, does it with an air of one who has accomplished something worth while. *Vive Citroen!*

A mere production of 400 cars a day may seem small compared with the 10,000 a day capacity of Ford when running full time. But it is large for Europe, where the tradition of small plants and individual products still adheres. Also, Europe lacks our buying power. Only a man in "good position" can hope to own an automobile.

Another branch of the Citroen activities extends to taxicab companies in Paris, Marseilles, Lyons, and half a dozen other cities of France. Here is a shrewd stroke of business, organizing companies to buy the cabs he makes. About every third cab in Paris has "Citroen" boldly painted on the body.

Only personal acquaintance with Europe could make plain the extent of M. Citroen's innovation in French industry. The whole of Europe, and France in particular, is a world of traditions. Machinery has a place second to hand labor in French crafts.

Therefore, when M. Citroen introduced high-powered, high-g geared machinery, along with typical American production methods, he was running a great risk. Had the collective mind of his workers once condemned his plans, he would have had troubles indeed. Without the war, which quickened the efforts of France as they had not been quickened in half a century, the experiment might not have been possible.

M. Citroen, at 50, emerges as the first industrialist of Europe. Last year he sold more than half of all the motor cars marketed in France, and he has successfully invaded English, German, and Italian fields. His sharpest competition comes from American sources, but recent tariff adjustments favor him, and he may be depended upon to defend his hold on the markets, stoutly and with imagination.

# Main Street Girdles the Globe

Condensed from Vanity Fair (October, '28)

Deems Taylor

**I** RECENTLY spent considerable time in a medium-sized city that was a striking example of the standardized, provincial minded community described so mercilessly in *Main Street*. Its overcrowded subway disgorges each morning an army of commuters whose lives, aside from business hours, seem to be spent in digging and watering their microscopic gardens and lawns.

There are several newspapers published locally, none of them containing more than six pages and all badly printed, badly edited, full of patent medicine advertising, and so corrupt that their venality is no longer even discussed. The editors, however, give full satisfaction to their subscribers, who know almost nothing about world affairs and care less, and whose favorite reading matter is the latest murder or divorce suit.

The American passion for official regulation goes to extraordinary lengths. Hotels and restaurants are forbidden by law to deal in tobacco, cigarettes, and even matches, all of which can be bought only at certain officially designated stores. Obviously, the post of tobacco dealer being a political appointment, these jobs are valuable party plums, and the politicians make full use of this patronage to feather their own nests.

In general the citizenry are a docile crowd who take what the politicians and big business-men hand them, obey laws that they have little hand in making, vote for candidates that are hand-picked for them, smoke Camels, Chesterfields, and Lucky Strikes, shave with Gillette razors, use Colgate's tooth paste, and drink too many cocktails before dinner.

I refer, of course, to the city of Paris.

The fact of the matter is, this particular American is getting frightfully bored with the entire modern school of critical writing which holds that, (a) *all* provincial habits of thought and living are exclusively American and (b) *all* peculiarly American habits of thought and living are provincial and undesirable.

The average literary indictment of American middle-class civilization is simply an indictment of all middle-class civilization, the adjective "American" being superfluous. I wish some of our eagle-eyed observers of the American scene, after they have stifled their shrieks of laughter over the average American tourist in Europe, would try to imagine the same number of dull German or English or French or Italian tourists of the corresponding class turned loose in America. I do not mean that there are not a great many things wrong with America. But frequently they are the same things that are the matter with the rest of the world.

One of the worst things the matter with us is our commercial-mindedness. Well, if the average American thinks more about money than the average Frenchman or Italian he must have discovered a 28-hour day. Roughly and unfairly speaking, I should say that the American thinks constantly of earning money, the Italian of extracting it, and the Frenchman of saving it.

When the manuscript of *Alice in Wonderland* was recently sold to an American for an enormous sum, the London *Times* said editorially a great many things calculated to wound the Yankee vandals, thieves, yeggs, highwaymen and grave-robbers who were



despoiling England of her choicest art treasures. I could not help wondering why the *Times* said nothing about the English ditto ditto who sold the manuscript. European indictments of American spoil-hunting seem always based, oddly enough, upon the assumption that if you only offer enough money to any high-souled, idealistic European, he will, of course, sell.

We are also, I hear, singularly and completely inartistic. There is hardly room here to go into detail, but one might ask a few questions. Is American painting worse than French painting? Worse than English or Italian painting? Is American sculpture good or bad, judged by the standards of the world's output? Have you seen most of the French war monuments? The English? The German? The Italian?

The American theater? Compare it, without smiling, with the French theater. Compare it, without giggling, with the English theater.

Is contemporary American literature much worse than contemporary British and Continental literature? Granted America's musical sterility, name two French, English, German, Spanish and Italian composers under 40 who give evidence of being better than second-rate.

What about American architecture? In what country has originated the only apparently viable new school of architecture since the 16th century? Did you ever see a typical French suburban villa or a Paris office building? Compare American domestic architecture with any except possibly English, and American factory and office architecture with any in the world.

But our worst crime, to read our vivisectionists, is excessive standardization. As Sinclair Lewis points out, we eat the same foods, shave with trade-marked razors, drive standardized automobiles, brush our teeth with advertised tooth paste, bathe in regimented bathtubs.

But God bless my soul, why on earth shouldn't we standardize such things? Domestic life is largely occupied with

handling utensils and objects which are, in the last analysis, instruments of precision, and such being the case, I see no aesthetic crime involved in their being precise. When Mr. Lewis pillories *Babbitt* for shaving with a trade-marked razor he carries on about shaving as if it were an art that was being ruined by machinery. Shaving is—if anything but a nuisance—a science, and the more rigidly standardized the better.

The American automobile is made, grossly, and commercially, by machinery, instead of being hand-finished, like its foreign brother. On the other hand, when something breaks on an American automobile (and it breaks no sooner than on a foreign automobile) you can go into an accessories shop and pointing to a duplicate part say coarsely, "Gimme that." And that duplicate part, being machine-made, will fit your car down to the thousandth part of an inch. When your foreign car breaks, you send it to the factory and wait four years until they hand-hew another part, and fit it.

The roars of laughter over the American bathroom! But is there any particular virtue in the fact that the Englishman's bathtub has to be filled by hand, and that the Frenchman's bathtub has to have hitched to it an alleged automatic gas water heater that is clumsy, hideous, and inefficient, and blows up every other week?

Instead of making faces at our standardized and perfected instruments of household equipment, our commentators might better be calling attention to a fact that will be universally recognized about three centuries hence, namely, that the American mechanization of domestic routine is one of the 20th century's outstanding contributions to civilization. Despite our critics, I believe in us, and profoundly. For at least we are comfortable. And a comfortable man is halfway on the road to being a civilized one. The time may yet come when Europe will stop laughing and begin installing a few vacuum cleaners and Arcolas of its own.



# *The Rich Man's Son*

Condensed from *The Saturday Evening Post* (November 10, '28)

*Albert W. Atwood*

ONE often hears that the rich man's most serious problem is his son. Will the son be able to carry on his father's business despite the tendency of inherited money to kill the nerve of initiative and endeavor? Time and again splendid established family businesses find themselves in the hands of the banking syndicates because the second or third generation is unable to carry on. But even if there is no family industry to perpetuate, and long before the younger generation has actually inherited the property, the question arises whether these supposedly favored sons and daughters are not really handicapped by the lack of poverty.

A couple's income need be but a few thousand dollars a year above the subsistence and comfort line before a relaxing and even demoralizing effect makes its appearance in the younger generation. And the costly new buildings to be found everywhere, the widespread holding of stocks and bonds, the colossal sums of life insurance, and the presence in colleges of over a million young men and women are all clear evidences of the increase of the class which has a prosperous surplus above the bare necessities of life.

During the greater part of the history of the race we have been under the discipline of poverty, hardship and adversity. To these stern masters we owe our system of standards, values and morals. Races do not persist without moral discipline, and the question is what new system of discipline can be developed to equip us for a life of prosperity. Professor T. N. Carver says that this emergence from poverty into prosperity is very much like the migra-

tion from one physical environment to another.

Toward the end of his life, President Eliot wrote a graphic piece on the advantages of being the son of a poor family. He described in detail how a strong young lad of fourteen, in order to help his family, plowed, harrowed, sawed and split wood, fished and carried water. The son of such a family has securities against laziness, selfishness and self-indulgence, and inducements to diligence and helpfulness. It may be that the young people of today suffer from too much garage and too little woodshed.

Wherever we turn there is the fear, the conviction, that wealth is sure to spoil the younger generation. The rich man leaves money freely to his grandchildren, whose character is less familiar to him, but ties up his own with tight restrictions. Of course this fear is not new to the age in which we live.

In the Old Testament, in the book of Ecclesiastes, we find the lament: "Yea, I hated all my labor which I had taken under the sun; because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me. And who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool."

Doctor Johnson remarked that few work well except for pay, and he defended the custom of primogeniture, by which the English nobility left most of their land to the oldest son, on the ground that "it makes but one fool in a family." Money shields the young from much hardship, but in the act it also shields them from strength, development, character.

Now all this is true as far as it goes. But we must look a little closer. There are thousands of young persons whose strong natural characters cannot be

spoiled by money. Would Theodore Roosevelt have been any more of a man if he had been poor? Could John D. Rockefeller, Jr., have performed any greater service if his wealth had been self-made instead of inherited?

It is the same with poverty as with wealth. There are those whom it embitters instead of stimulates. Many sink under its rigorous training rather than use it to sharpen their talents. President Eliot remarked that "Silly children of the poor spend the little sums of money that come to them quite as foolishly as the silly children of the rich spend larger sums."

In this country, work is the correct thing. Public opinion scorns the idler whether he be rich or poor. No man can be successful or happy without work, regardless of fortune, and examples are all around us. No one works harder than John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Edsel Ford began work at 19 and has been at it continuously ever since, having been the active and progressive head of the business for the last nine years.

Rich and poor alike have to fight something. The poor boy fights not only discomforts but the indifference of those around him. The rich man's son also has plenty of work cut out for him. Whatever he attempts to do, failure is predicted. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., pointed out that if such a boy starts at the bottom he is criticized for taking the bread out of poor men's mouths, and if he starts a business of his own it is described as a rich man's toy. Other observers have pointed out that if the son begins with administrative work, which is often the wisest course, he is the object of jealousy on the part of the old-timers. The son of the boss who improves the business gets very little credit for it, because people say, "Oh, he inherited it." If he takes no initiative, he is regarded as a failure; if he does stir things up he is looked upon as supercilious.

So we might go on endlessly, pointing out the advantages and disadvantages of surrounding the young with more or less

money. It helps and it hinders, it sharpens and it dulls. No one knows where the net advantage lies. We have the apparent anomaly that adversity has developed the race, and yet we feel certain that of two possible evils, poverty and prosperity, poverty creates more actual misery.

Is there not some happy mean in the way of money, of property and income? Several thousand years ago King Solomon preached moderation: "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: Lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, take the name of my God in vain." But even Solomon did not attempt to mention the number of goats which constituted a happy mean. Who can put any absolute definition upon being poor or in medium circumstances or rich?

It is evident that, with the number of young men and women in college who in earlier days would have been at work, the colleges must supply the discipline that formerly came from work. The very survival of our civilization depends upon the provision by the colleges of a substitute for the discipline formerly obtained from manual work.

Another certainty is that the habitual conduct of the parent is much more important than commands and exhortations. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Edsel Ford have both stated that their fathers never told them what to do or what not to do, but that no influence in their lives had been so great as the silent example of their fathers. All we can hope is that parents themselves will cherish true values and amid prosperity set an example of simple living. As Mr. Rockefeller said in an address at Princeton University:

"Boys and girls of the present generation are pretty shrewd and penetrating. We cannot live one thing and advocate another to them. If we want our boys and girls to take a worthy part in the world's work, we must be their example. To do so may at times be irksome and trying—it may cramp our style—but there is no alternative."

# Rockefeller—Father and Son

Condensed from *The American Magazine* (December, '28)

*M. K. Wischart*

DOWN in lower Manhattan, sitting at a long table in an oak-paneled room, is a man of 55, solidly built, with square shoulders, clean-cut features, wide forehead, firm lips, and determined chin. Like his father, John D. Rockefeller, Jr. rises at seven o'clock, leaving home so as to be at his office between half past eight and nine. In the course of the morning, if business permits, he goes to his club for exercise—squash or tennis. The routine of business usually occupies him until late in the afternoon, and the chances are that he takes home a bulky portfolio of work.

Between the Rockefellers, father and son, who so resemble each other in their methodical way of doing things, there has existed for a half-century one of the most remarkable paternal and filial relationships that history records. For it is safe to say that no man has ever reposed such complete trust in his son in matters involving such huge sums as the elder Rockefeller has done.

Some years ago many financiers were surprised to learn that most of the Rockefeller holdings in Standard Oil were owned by the son. The senior Rockefeller had come to the conclusion that, since his son was carrying most of the burden, he ought to have control of their interests. So he had turned over to his son several hundred million dollars in securities all at one time.

What was John D., Jr.'s, boyhood like? To begin with we must go back to 1882, to a big farm near Cleveland. This was the first Rockefeller estate. The senior Rockefeller was then 43, and already a multi-millionaire, having

merged the oil interests of the country into a \$75,000,000 corporation.

Below the house was a small lake, where the Rockefeller children learned to swim under the patient and encouraging teaching of their father.

"Father was never a fancy swimmer," observed Mr. Rockefeller, "but he had a simple breast-stroke and good staying power. In my mind's eye I have a clear picture of him swimming around the lake, nearly a mile, on a hot day with his straw hat on to keep his head cool."

"I cannot remember when hard work was new or strange to me," the elder Rockefeller has said; and it was in this same school that his son was brought up.

"We were taught that we should work to earn the pleasures we enjoyed. We learned to work, to save, to give."

In the Rockefeller household, as in many homes of lesser means, the rewards for faithful attention to duties were in nickels and dimes. For violin practice, young John D. received five cents an hour. When old enough to work about the Cleveland estate, he drew the same wages as the laborers. A winter on Fifth Avenue—a summer spent in cracking stones for a wall, splitting, sawing, and cording tough oak—at 15 cents an hour!

Young John did not go away to preparatory school, but attended one in New York City. "When I failed to prepare Monday's lessons on Saturday," he says, "I used to get up early Monday morning to study; for no school work was permitted in Father's house on Sunday. I had a little glass clock which showed the hands clearly when there was a light behind it. This I would hang

before a gas jet, awakening every once in a while for fear I had overslept. School work did not come easily to me, and I was determined to do the best I could. Father never expected more than that, but he expected *that*."

The elder Rockefeller felt that the choice of a college was a matter for his son to decide. Young John D. wanted the advantages of a small institution and went to Brown University. He took no business courses there and did not specialize. Upon graduating, there were three courses open to him: law school as a preparation for business, a trip around the world with friends, or beginning work in his father's office at once. Here again the decision was left to him. He came to the conclusion that, as his father was then nearing 60, he could not afford time for either law or travel, and so went directly to work.

"Father said not a word to me about what I was to do in the office, nor has he ever since. Apparently it was his intention that I should make my own way," says John D., Jr.

"Elsewhere I have said that my father is the most interesting man I have ever known. In business and life he has been my example. For me, one of the outstanding lessons of his life is his open-mindedness. Not that he is easy to convince; but he is always interested in new facts or arguments. His mind is never closed.

"I recall that in 1914, when I was personally investigating conditions in the mines, collieries, and mills in Colorado, he was not sure that I was working along the right lines in the broader industrial policies that I wished to inaugurate. But he said not one word against it. He realized that he was not fully informed. Since then he has come to feel that the course I followed was wise.

"Once, when the J. P. Morgan collection of Chinese porcelains was to be sold, the opportunity was offered me first to choose such pieces as I might care

to buy. I selected a number of pieces, and then asked Father if he would lend me money for the purchase. The amount involved was large enough to alarm him, and not being familiar with Chinese porcelains, he declined to make the loan, feeling, doubtless, that it was an unjustified extravagance. I then called to his attention the fact that I had never indulged myself in a yacht nor wasted money gambling; that these porcelains were not only beautiful but educative. After deliberation he insisted upon *giving* me the porcelains."

(The amount involved in that purchase, as I learned from newspapers published at that time, was in excess of a million dollars.)

I asked Mr. Rockefeller if he thought that the simple methods by which he was brought up as a boy were applicable by fathers and mothers today. "Yes, with some modification," he replied. "We are applying them with our own children." (He has six, of whom five are sons; and one of these is now at Princeton and another at Dartmouth.)

And here, in condensed form, I am going to append certain remarks made by Mr. Rockefeller on the problem of child rearing:

The essence of the problem, it seems to me, is this: that the will of the parents should not be arbitrarily imposed upon the child. Until the age of eight or ten, it is impossible to discuss the reason for many things, but after that parental guidance can increasingly take the form of discussion and suggestion.

Children should be helped to form the habit of doing things for themselves—things that need to be done—whether they like to do them or not. I think that many children of today are not developing the will power and self-mastery that are essential in the solution of life's problems.

My father had to chop wood and do the milking. He probably didn't like the chores any better than most boys, but he acquired the habit of doing the things he did not like to do. His will was trained.

It is essential that children should know what to spend, how to spend, what things cost, whether a thing is worth buying; in short, the value of money.

Education used to mean cramming the mind. Education really means learning to use the mind; and the child should be taught as early as possible to grapple with the problems of his own little world.

I believe it is a good thing for any boy to work his way up from the bottom. I have sometimes regretted that I did not have that sort of chance, and I covet it for my boys.



# *A Burglar's Apology*

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine (December, '28)

*J. P. Grover*

THE truth of the matter is—I was tired of chasing a street-car every morning. The humdrum existence of my native New England city irked me. Life there was a very dull affair. One was merely born, raised, married, and struggled to hold down the job till death.

I was sick of it, and when the boss spoke to me sourly one morning, I quit—and knew that I had crossed the Rubicon. The first accommodating freight took me out of town. My destination was immaterial—I would travel and find some excitement.

At first I capitalized my natural ability at playing pool, and blossomed out as a full-fledged pool shark. Traveling constantly, I naturally came in contact with pickpockets, cheaters, shoplifters, and what-nots, and eventually became friendly with a very capable burglar who regaled me with vivid accounts of his profession.

The excitement of his career appealed to me greatly—and had a vaguely familiar tone about it. I soon recalled why. In my kid days I had lived the life many times with the heroes of crook stories; some dashing gentleman crook had always been on my heroic pedestal as a boy. With this background, I was very susceptible to my friend's tales, and as the voice of my conscience was rather hoarse at the time, I entered the profession whole-heartedly.

During the perpetration of my first few thefts I was a terribly scared burglar. It was hurry—hurry—hurry, make no noise—is that some one in the hallway? Ofttimes I left empty-handed. But it was thrilling. It seemed that at last I was in my realm.

The constant tenseness of the life held me fast. I was forever on tiptoes mentally, and found it impossible to concentrate on anything for more than a minute. I was hardly ever normal in these days, being instead a mere bundle of nerves constantly on the alert lest I overlook any excitement.

I realized that nervousness on the job was handicapping me, so I took measures to overcome it. For the succeeding two months my first act on entering an apartment was to open the ice-box and force myself to eat a very nonchalant meal. On other occasions I would play a record on the victrola and steel myself to listen attentively. The resultant forced calmness soon became a natural one, and I worked in more leisurely fashion. I stole nothing but furs and jewelry, of which I had gained a very fair knowledge, and consequently I had to scrutinize anything before taking it. Occasionally I would enjoy an interesting chapter of some one's novel for no other reason than to satisfy my bump of egotism and to prove to my warped mind that I was as nerveless as the heroes of my youth.

In two years' time I had collected toll in most of the major cities of the country, and the game still held me hypnotized. The ethics of the business would bother me periodically, but I would solace myself with the thievish version of life—that the world's population consists of "suckers" and those "hustlers" who, like myself, gained their living by their wits. I maintained that burglars, like the poor, will be with us always, and that it was the duty of the public to guard themselves.

Every locked door was nothing more



than a challenge to my ability. I held that any woman who locked a costly fur behind a door that could be opened with an ordinary pass-key deserved to lose it. Further, I figured that in so doing she was, in reality, betting me the furs that I couldn't open that specific door—and generally she was in error. Burglary at this time was more than a profession with me—it was a mania. I regarded the business as a dope fiend considers his morphine.

In New Orleans, in a moment of sanity, I decided to try to shake off this hold of burglary. Realizing the difficulty, I resolved to wean myself away from it gradually. For honest work still seemed intolerable. So I "filled in" with "cannons" or pickpockets, "steered" for dicegames, "stalled" for shoplifters, and "located" for hijackers, and in the end joined forces with a clever dice-hustler. Together we made a trip to Alaska, nominally to can salmon, but in reality to beat the fishermen and others of their money. We enjoyed a successful and exciting trip and returned to San Francisco.

I headed for Los Angeles. Once there, I found embryo burglars making big money, and again I fell victim to the lure of my former business. My temporary lay-off, I found, had merely whetted my burglarious appetite. It was the first time that I had stayed in any city more than two months, and I became well acquainted with the rest of the fraternity.

Stool-pigeons were rampant. Honor was passé, I found, the little left being divided between certain women and a few fellows from the "old school." One thief shows no compunction in beating another. It is strictly a dog-eat-dog proposition and no one is immune. The cleverest thieves are the confidence men. The most stupid are the "stick-up" men, who are usually suffering from a "hard-guy" complex.

A thief is always a sucker for somebody else. Pickpockets practically do-

nate their earnings to the race-tracks. Gambling, booze, and women will account for 70 percent of their loot. Vanity is really the basic cause of most crime. The average crook, on disposing of his loot, will look up some girl, flash her his roll, and stage a party which will leave him broke. It appeases his ego, and he hopes the girl will consider him a "pretty smart kid."

I doubled up with a chap named Ray, and we bought a bungalow and lived there with our girls for a long time. We got along very well, which in itself is quite a rarity. My girl was a shop-lifter.

One day a bootlegger whom we all knew and trusted implicitly was arrested red-handed. On trial he amazed everyone by claiming that his business was financed by his mother and sister. To avoid doing six months' time (it would not have been more in his case) he was willing to send his mother and sister to jail! That showed me what the game was coming to. I felt exactly as I did when I first learned that Santa Claus was a myth. I should have blown town, but it really was a burglar's paradise. I tempted Fate and remained.

Fate heeded my challenge. Ray was arrested, and when put to the test turned informer, implicating a "fence" (one who buys stolen property) with whom we both had done business. The fence implicated me, and between him and Ray such a hopelessly incriminating case was built up against me that the best lawyer in town advised me to "waive everything and go to prison, for the sooner you get there the sooner you will be free." I went.

The sentence was seven and a half years, and I had plenty of time for introspection. I mulled over matters from every possible angle and invariably arrived at the same conclusion. The "game" had become a business. The thrill was in the novelty of it. Honor among thieves was mostly a myth. I'll seek my excitement elsewhere.





## Quebec Goes Musher-Mad

Condensed from *Country Life* (December, '28)

*Sara Hamilton Birchall*

FOR one week in February, the week of the Eastern International Dog Sled Derby, all Quebec forgets its other winter sports and stands stamping its feet in the snow at the start or finish line, or hangs around bulletin boards computing elapsed time while the teams are on the road.

Not less than three nor more than seven dogs, breed unspecified, hitched to a light racing sleigh, cover a course of 40 miles daily for three days, no matter what the weather conditions. The Alaskan sleigh and Western hitch are favored. No artificial stimulants, whip to be used only when dogs are uncontrollable by voice or hand. A thousand dollars and a gold cup at stake for the winner; \$400 for second place, and so on down to \$25 for the eighth, ninth and tenth places.

Nine o'clock at Limoilou—up come the teams.

Seppala, weathered Norwegian winner of the Alaska Sweepstakes and the New England Derby, hero of the serum drive in the Nome diphtheria epidemic. St. Goddard, stocky Le Pas lad with flashing smile, twice winner of this derby—if he wins this third time, he keeps the gold cup. Brydges, cold-eyed and silent, a driver to be feared. Betting is heavy on all these men.

Seppala drives a handsome team of furry Siberians that do what they're told with the crisp precision of regulars. St. Goddard's long-limbed team are husky and greyhound cross-breeds.

Yells of "Padd-ee! Padd-ee!" from the crowd. Here comes Paddy Nolan, freckled 15-year old, with his string of mongrels, all new this year. Last year, when his mother died, he sold his team

and said he was through racing, but this year he's in again. Here is Mrs. Ricker, the only woman driver to face the test—a soft-voiced quiet-eyed girl from Maine in an embroidered Eskimo parka and sealskin mukluks. And Walter Channing, 52-year-old Boston sportsman, who drives for the fun of it. Seventeen mushers in all, starting three minutes apart.

St. Goddard and Seppala make a workmanlike getaway; Frank Dupuis goes out throwing kisses to the crowd and turning handsprings behind his flying team; Chevette shoots away like lightning; some of the teams, confused by the noisy crowd, jib and tangle their harness, but presently the whole 17 are away.

Forty miles through Quebec snows runs the course, up and down hills, past or through ten-foot drifts, in and out of villages, across wind-bitten plains. The temperature is eight above zero in town, colder in the country. The village children are on the lookout—as Mrs. Ricker trots by with her team they cry, "C'est la femme!" and then encouragingly, "Dépêchez-vous!"

The crowds look the teams over critically. This experimenting with cross-breeds interests the experts. How do these short-coated long-legged beasts stand up against the deep-furred sleigh-dogs of the North? Mastiff, staghound, wolfhound, greyhound, spaniel, police dog, and just gutter-mongrel are represented in the 17 teams.

St. Goddard hangs up a new world-record for speed for this first day. He runs the 40-mile course in three hours, 37 minutes, and 35 seconds. Think what that means. This young musher

does a mile in a trifle under five and a half minutes—nearly 12 miles an hour—and keeps it up for 40 miles in that arctic cold.

This does not mean that he runs all the way. Sometimes the musher trots behind his team. Sometimes he stands with one foot on the runners and one pushing behind, as a boy kicks his express cart along the sidewalk—"padding," they call it. Sometimes he rests with both feet on the runners, letting the dogs pull him, but very little of that if he wants to win the race. Do you wonder that Quebec gets excited over such an exhibition of strength and endurance in man and beast?

St. Goddard's dogs are in training all year. St. Goddard, *père*, is a veteran trapper and trader. St. Goddard,  *fils*, may be seen before the snow flies, gravely seated in the cut-down chassis of an old Ford with a string of half-broken dogs as motive power. He can brake and steer this affair, teaching the young team to pull smoothly together, and gains days of work while other drivers are waiting for the snow. St. Goddard has a reputation. He won the Le Pas Derby in 1925—his first big race—making 204 miles in 15 hours, and has broken records in other famous races.

Seppala is ten minutes behind St. Goddard this first day, but he and his team finish apparently as fresh as when starting. Seppala is almost 50 years old, but absolutely tireless. They say that in Alaska he once came in from a 60-mile trip in 50 degrees below zero, and went out again immediately to get a wounded man in the Sawtooth Mountains and take him to a doctor, 80 miles more. He won the Alaska Sweepstakes first in 1914, and continued to win it till the Alaskans gave it up because with him in it nobody else had a chance. He is also champion wrestler and skier of Alaska.

Brydges is 14 minutes behind St. Goddard this first day, and young Paddy Nolan 29 minutes.

During that night, a wind whoops out of the Arctic, and Quebec's ther-

mometer drops to 15 degrees below zero. Out in an open sleigh on the Charlesbourg road we go to see the teams en route. The wind cuts like stainless steel. What it must be to mush 40 miles in such weather, no city dweller can guess.

Yet Seppala's Siberians trot easily by, furry tails up, and Seppala's strong leg rhythmically paddles the sleigh along. St. Goddard runs behind his team. Young Paddy Nolan, crouched low on the runners, shelters his face from the stinging wind. At Lorette, his leader lames a foot in a hole and Paddy has to drop out. He admits that he was a little cold. Mrs. Ricker goes by, reasoning with her young leader, Fritz, who doesn't think much of racing this morning, and won't pull. The second day finishes with Seppala crawled up on St. Goddard's lead—only 40 seconds between them now in elapsed time.

Wild is the finish on the third day. With so close a margin between the leaders, Quebec shuts up shop and hustles out to the Grande Allée, sixty thousand strong. The Quebec police horses nudge slowly up and down, shoving the crowd back with expert hindquarters, so polite that they all but say "Excusez-moi" as they do it. The news-reel men crouch back of the finish line with their cameras.

Seppala's in first, but he is not the winner unless something happens to St. Goddard in the last few minutes of the run. At the halfway mark he had increased his lead to eight minutes.

Two or three minor teams come in, almost unnoticed. They are not in the money. The crowd edges forward, the judges fume.

At last over the hill comes a roar, faint at first, then nearer—*St. Goddard-rr-rrh!*—and down the street, desperate, panting, dodging a street car on the Grande Allée, comes St. Goddard and his team, winner of the meet and a gold cup and a thousand dollars, by three minutes and 13 seconds.

The crowd closes over him and his dogs like a wave. That night, Quebec city is his.

# *Will the Insects Starve Us?*

Condensed from Popular Science (December, '28)

*Edwin W. Teale*

FROM all the world, recently, scientists journeyed to Ithaca, N. Y., to plan new ways of fighting man's unconquered enemy, the insects. The meeting was the Fourth International Congress of Entomology. It formed the strategic council directing the world's army fighting in a war that can have no armistice.

This fight is no longer looked upon as sectional crusades against irritating pests. "The insects," says Dr. L. O. Howard, who was for 31 years chief of the U. S. Bureau of Entomology, "are man's chief rival for the possession of the earth. They are damaging us more today than at any time since civilization began."

In this increase of our insect foes, strange twists of fate have played their part. When a sudden gust of wind, in the summer of 1869, swept around the corner of a house in Medford, Mass., it caused greater damage than a hurricane. In the house lived a French astronomer named Trouvelot, who was attempting to crossbreed a little brown moth with the moths of silkworms in an effort to produce caterpillars immune from plague. From a window ledge the breeze swept a small box, containing eggs of the brown moth. In spite of frantic searching, Trouvelot recovered only a few.

For ten years, nothing seemed to result. Then a swarm of caterpillars began to overrun the country. They left trees standing naked mile after mile. So voracious are the caterpillars of the gypsy moth—the color of the male moth is fancied to be that of a gypsy's face—that a man with a similar appetite would require two or three tons of food a day!

Throughout New England spread the insects. After 35 years of fighting, the report comes from the scene of battle that the gypsy moths have been more numerous this year than ever before. Ten thousand men spend their time fighting this insect in summer months. It is held in check by a barrier, 25 miles wide, extending from Long Island, east of the Adirondacks, to the Canadian border. With pumps so powerful they shoot insecticide 80 feet or more into the air before it breaks into spray, and with hose a mile long, Government fighters patrol this area to hold the menacing moths back from the thick timberlands beyond.

The advance legions of the European corn borer are thought to have come through the cracks of a rickety barn near Everett, Mass., where a shipment of broom corn from southern Europe lay. The moth of the corn borer, so small a postage stamp conceals it, flies only at night, and the farmers knew nothing of its existence until they investigated a strange blight that swept over the fields of New England and the Canadian border, consuming as much as 75 percent of the crop. Through a single appropriation, this tiny destroyer cost the government \$10,000,000. And this was merely to hold the pest in check with no present hope of driving it out.

The Japanese beetle arrived as a stowaway in a bunch of iris roots sent from Japan to Philadelphia. Flying five to seven miles at a stretch, it propagated rapidly. In New Jersey and Pennsylvania, where it ravaged orchard after orchard, more than \$800,000 each year has been poured into the battle against it, with little result.

At another point, when man was off his guard, a new insect horde advanced. One day an insignificant little "bug" flew across the Rio Grande from Mexico, where cotton grows wild, into Texas. The "bug" was the boll weevil which has advanced through the south, costing cotton planters \$300,000,000 a year.

It has been within the last 35 years that all these enemies of man have gained their foothold, and there are many others. Through insects and plant diseases, we are now losing from 10 to 15 percent of all food raised. The Government sets aside two million dollars each year for research and field study by 400 trained scientists. Other huge sums are spent in bitter local battles. The little six-legged enemies have swept ahead in spite of everything for two reasons. One is that nowhere else on earth are such large areas devoted exclusively to the same crops year after year. The other is that when these invaders came they left behind the parasites, which in some cases destroyed as many as 90 percent of their young.

In this latter fact science sees its strongest hope for ultimate victory. So emissaries have sought in far countries for strange insect allies to help in the struggle. One such recruit is a beautiful, metallic green beetle from Europe which runs from twig to twig of gypsy moth infected trees, devouring caterpillars at a great rate. Its only defect is that it is overcome by drowsiness along in August and goes to sleep for ten months.

On a cold dark day last fall, the uncanny ability of another of these friendly fighters from abroad was demonstrated before 100 men gathered in a borer-infested field near the Canadian line. A thousand fertilized females of an imported *Ichneumon* fly were released from a cage. They went straight to work. After crawling on the surface of a corn-stalk near the ground, in the center of which the borers were hibernating for the winter, each would stop and deposit its eggs through the tough outer layer of the stalk. Skeptical spectators

dissected some of the stalks. They marvelled when they found that in every case the insect had laid its eggs unerringly on the hidden borers, where the young would hatch, and kill the caterpillars. How these flies are able to find the hidden borers is one of the mysteries of the insect world.

In its search for parasitic helpers, science is encouraged by the history of the "ladybug." Some decades ago "ladybugs" were imported from Australia to fight the fluted scale in California. In the blighted orchards they were "planted" 5000 to the acre, and later spread all over the territory. In five years, the scale that threatened the fruit growers practically disappeared from the state. But so far, in spite of constant research, that success has not been matched in battling other insects.

The minute study of the life of each destructive insect has given rise to the new science of "ecology." Many strange facts have been learned. For instance, that female gypsy moths cannot fly, despite their wings, while the small caterpillars, covered with fluffy hair, are carried for miles by the breeze. The gypsy moth had been studied for 30 years before this solution of the mystery of their rapid spread became known. The Japanese beetle, it was found, outwitted attacks with poison. When a tree was sprayed, the beetle flew away to another tree. The orchardists were in despair until they learned that what catnip is to cats, the oil of geranium and sassafras is to these beetles. When a tree was sprayed with it, the odor brought the beetles from miles around, and another spray which kills by contact, then killed them all.

From different points along the battle line comes news of inventions to help in the fight. One such aid is a super-delicate instrument which enables us to hear minute insects working deep in masses of stored grain or under the bark of trees! . . . But in spite of everything, the rising tide of insects has continued to advance. The struggle will require all the resources of science for man to win.

# *The City's Place in Civilization*

Condensed from *The Survey* (November 15, '28)

*Charles A. Beard*

**A**NTAGONISM between the town and country, urbanity and rusticity, capitalism and agriculture, marks the long trail from the beginning of civilization to the latest political campaign. From it have sprung endless conflicts in parliaments and forums, and a vast literature ranging from Aristotle's *Politics* down to the Haugen-McNary bill. In a thousand subtle ways this antagonism has affected our literature, our arts, and our theories of the good life. Is it not traditional that Babylon is the home of wickedness and the countryside the source of virtue?

Before he began to canvass for votes, Thomas Jefferson openly said that the mobs of the great cities add just so much to the support of pure government as sores do to the strength of the human body. Cultivators of the earth are the most vigorous, the most independent, the most virtuous citizens.

No one will deny that in Jefferson's day this statement may have had some elements of truth. But it may now be safely said that sanitation has made our best cities freer from disease and suffering than most of the countryside. Some of the worst conditions of physical decay are in the pure air under the open sky of the country. Moreover, science and the machine have demonstrated that, by exercise of imagination and intelligence, cities cursed with slums and ugliness can be transformed into places of beauty and inspiration. As for virtue, that must be judged in relation to temptation, and from this point of view neither the public nor the private morals of the city suffer by comparison. Country, not city, government is the most conspicuous failure of American democracy.

Whatever our conclusion on this point, the fact remains that cities overshadow the country from the Elbe to

the Pacific. Every invention adds strength to them, every increase in production draws the sons and daughters of farmers to them. Modern cities are built upon manufacturing and machinery, and it is certainly true that industry as developed up to our time has been a deadly foe to beauty. Critics of the city have much justification when they declare that, compared with our capacity to imagine and design, every industrial city in the western world is a disgrace to humanity. The proper question now becomes, What is to be done about it?

One school of thinkers, believing that no good can come out of the machine, bids us destroy it and return to handicrafts and agriculture, the balanced and self-sustaining economy of olden times. But whatever may be the heart's answer to this proposal, the head makes a clear-cut reply: "Economically it is impossible to go back to handicrafts."

Dreamers may try to reproduce the beautiful old squares, churches, guild halls, and towers of medieval Europe, but such efforts are artistic failures, simply because they cannot reproduce the spirit of the artists who did the old work. No, the lesson of the middle ages seems to be that beauty is not a ginger-bread decoration added to utility, but is basically an expression of the esthetic sense working through the whole structure of economy from top to bottom.

Moreover, many of the attractive pictures of the old pre-machine cities are false to life, or rather leave out of account the mass of the people. All America knows the glory of Roman architecture, but how many Americans know that the largest element in the population of Cicero's time lived in tene-



ment houses like rabbit warrens, and were looked upon by upper classes as animals that had to be fed in order to keep them from becoming an active peril. Cicero himself, like many of the best families of Rome, had money invested in slum property and we know from his letters that it was not always in good repair.

So, too, of the idealized medieval city. It would be easy from authentic records to draw a picture of masses living in fever-infested hovels under heaven-searching spires and glorious town halls, in the old days before the advent of the machine. Living examples of such cities can be found today in parts of China. If anyone wants to see such an object lesson, he can find it there with his own eyes—and nose.

If, then, we cannot go back to the pre-machine city or recover the arts of the handicraft age, what roads are open before us?

First of all, many things appear to be inevitable, and with the inevitable we must work. Cities will continue to grow; electricity will make it possible to remove many of the worst offenses against the esthetic sense; motor roads will spread in every direction, bringing the city and country closer together; urban centers will expand into urban regions, breaking down for millions the old antithesis between town and country; city planning, having grown into regional planning, will be merged into state and nation planning, with technology as its basis. In other words, we are even now in the very midst of transforming the city. Only those whose business it is to observe tendencies have any idea of the magnitude of the processes already at work. Moreover, as Lewis Mumford, Le Corbusier, and the new German architects point out, the signs of a new and powerful esthetics, appropriate to the machine age, are already here, promising beauty as well as strength. That is not all; the vision of the new city takes in those masses ignored or scorned by the upper classes of antiquity and the middle ages.

Our first task, then, is not to run from the machine, but to stand fast in its presence, to explore its significance, and to make ourselves master of it. After that it is our task to encourage bold and imaginative thinking about the potentialities of the city, having faith that there is more hope in exuberant radicalism than in deadly conservatism. If radicals are usually wrong, it must be confessed that the conservatives who suppose things will never change are always wrong. Finally, let us accept the criticism that ours is a mass civilization—for it is—and let us see what we can do with it, thus offering at least novelty to an old world heavily laden with other experiments.

But in taking this view, we are not merely American. Many of the best city planners of Europe have frankly accepted steel, concrete, and machinery, and are clothing their dreams in new materials. If it is not sacrilege, I must confess that some of the new working-class houses built by the socialist administration of Vienna are to me more beautiful than most of the old Hapsburg piles, borrowed, copied, and gingerbreaded from half a dozen civilizations and expressing no creative sincerity at any point. Furthermore, it is about as thrilling to see working people living decently as to see the upper classes living softly.

The distinguished and competent Le Corbusier believes that we must accept the machine and do our best with it. He foresees a Paris that will make use of standardization, steel, and concrete to eliminate its consumptive-ridden areas, a Paris Taylorized. Yes the artist dares to invoke the shades of the American efficiency engineer.

If the task is staggering in its complexity and beset with oppressive doubts respecting our powers, still it is at least as interesting as driving from one gasoline station to the next, and as worthy of human nature as meditation on the chances of slipping through into heaven through the narrow gate of personal perfection.



# *Selling Robots Make Millions*

Condensed from *Forbes Magazine* (December, '28)

*William A. McGarry*

**I**N five years, or less, the consuming public of the United States will be able to obtain standard, nationally advertised small merchandise at any hour of the day or night. In all cities and large towns we shall have arcade stores, brilliantly lighted and fully equipped with change making devices, devoted exclusively to automatic vending machines.

This may sound a bit far fetched to those who have not kept pace with the growth of automatic merchandising. But the development is certainly coming as the result of the effort to sell goods more cheaply. For in some lines, it now costs more to sell goods than to make them.

Even in the chain stores where merchandising has been highly developed, it is being recognized that a salesman's time is an economic waste when his sole function is passing out goods already sold to customers who know exactly what they want.

Mr. Harry Alexander, who is a pioneer in the application of vending equipment to new lines and knows more about it than any other man in the world, was first interested in the Photomaton Company, controlled by a group of financiers who had paid a million dollars for the patents on the now widely known automatic, coin in the slot, self-photographing machine. This company was having difficulty because it was necessary to maintain the developing liquid in the machines at exactly 65 degrees Fahrenheit to get uniform results. With his engineers, Mr. Alexander worked out a refrigerating machine and cooling tank that did the work perfectly.

"A little further study of the relation

between refrigeration and automatic merchandising," says Mr. Alexander, "developed the fact that temperature control is essential in other vending machines."

Mr. Alexander saw a great opportunity in vending liquids, and formed a company to manufacture a beverage dispenser for fruit juices which contained all the features of successful sales psychology—including motion and animation to attract attention, complete display of the product, and constant control of the temperature.

"There are so many other possibilities in automatic vending that it is difficult to list them," he says. "The field has grown so fast that there are few statistics, but unquestionably the volume of sales runs into scores of millions of dollars every year. For instance, one company handled 3,000,000,000 pennies taken last year from its weighing machines.

"The variety of service is amazing. A company manufacturing electric washing machines, for example, changed the style of its product and found itself with a large stock of the older but still useful type. In trying to dispose of it, the company found that the trend toward apartment life had cut heavily into its market, since few apartments have room for this equipment. So it fitted its machines with a coin device, under which coöperative use was possible in the basements of apartment houses. The charge was a quarter for 35 minutes of laundry work. This company's schedules now call for the installation of 10,000 such machines during the next two years.

"It should be noted that manufac-

turers of coin equipment have now perfected machines which have eliminated what was at one time the major problem—that of the slug. The great loss in slugs is not actually the merchandise obtained by dishonest persons, but the stoppage of sales caused by the jamming of the machine.

"The constant of honesty which makes business possible in this as well as in other fields is well illustrated by the experience of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company of New York. These lines carry over 2,500,000 persons a day. When the coin turnstiles were first introduced the number of slugs occasionally reached 3000 a day, or approximately one-tenth of one percent. More recently a "bull's eye" has been installed in the coin device which makes every coin visible for a few seconds after it has been inserted, until other passengers have passed through the stile. This has reduced the slug average for the entire system to 600 a day.

"The problem of slugs, of course, is merely one of demand. When machines were confined to penny in the slot machines there was not sufficient loss to command the necessary engineering brains to perfect slug ejectors. Machines now in use will discard all but a minor percentage of the slugs generally in use. To defeat such machines it is necessary to make a very good counterfeit of any coin. Most of the slugs used are things made for other purposes, such as washers. The percentage of counterfeit coins in circulation is too small to be of any more consequence to automatic machines than it is to any other form of selling."

Machines which will accept paper currency and give change have not yet been developed, but almost certainly will be if they are required. The job could be done in several ways. A chemical might be prepared which would have no effect on good money, to destroy or mutilate the bad. The mutilation could be tied up with a mechanical device to return the bill, as slugs are now returned in various machines. Or it might be possible to

use a photographic reaction of some kind to detect spurious notes.

"The United Cigar Company," says Mr. Alexander, "has a rather large installation of automatic cigarette vending equipment in one of its New York stores. Unquestionably there will be an enormous development in this field. Elsewhere throughout the country sales are being made of tooth brushes, together with a tiny tube of tooth paste. Others are dispensing tooth paste, shaving cream, combs, wash cloths with a bit of soap and a comb, and perfume. There are bottle machines equipped with refrigeration which will accept return of the bottle. Hundreds of ideas are springing up daily.

"Another company is installing coin-in-the-slot gasoline stations. This may be regulated according to the prevailing price of gas to deliver so much for a half-dollar. It brings in revenue night and day. The government is experimenting with stamp-selling machines to relieve clerks and give service at all hours and on Sundays and holidays.

"Today manufacturers are paying more attention to making the merchandising equipment itself attractive. Vending machines are being made of steel and porcelain, and decorated with the latest and most attractive color effects. Machines must be rain proof, chip proof and substantial to protect themselves from mischievous small boys as well as petty thieves. There is a feeling of stability and security in their appearance for the investor of a nickel, dime, quarter, or half-dollar. Some machines are built so that their internal workings are visible, and this has proved a point of public attraction. Others say 'Thank you!' after a sale.

"Machines will operate in big department stores under stairways and in other out of the way places where a clerk and a counter could not be accommodated."

In the many lines where there is uniformity of product, and where advertising has already "sold" the article to the consumer, automatic selling is bound to come.

# Twenty-Five Years of Flight

Condensed from St. Nicholas (December, '28)

A. M. Jacobs

ON December 17, 1903, just 25 years ago, the first flying-machine left the ground with Orville Wright aboard; and a little later a life-guard ran the three miles from Kill Devil Hill, North Carolina, and arriving breathless in the little village of Kitty Hawk, cried out, "They've done it! Danged if they ain't flew!" With his own eyes he had seen the plane lift, sail forward without reduction of speed, and land at a point as high as that from which it had started.

Four flights were made that day by the two Wright brothers, and the longest, by Wilbur, covered 825 feet and lasted 59 seconds. It was the magnificent realization of a dream after years of painstaking research with gliders. That first flying-machine is now in the South Kensington Museum in England. It was a biplane, with a horizontal elevator out in front (where it could be studied), a vertical rudder in the rear, and a system of wires by which the edges of the wing fabric could be pulled up or down—the forerunner of the hinged part of the airplane wing now known as the aileron. The pilot lay prone on the lower wing.

The motor, which they had built themselves, weighed 200 pounds and gave 12 horsepower. In weight, that meant 16.6 pounds of engine for each horse-power given. The latest airplane engines weigh a little over one pound for each horse-power given. Quite a little story in itself of progress!

Not only was the Wright plane the first and only plane of its day capable of flight, *but for three more years no other planes or pilots did fly.* This fact is important because, several years later, the

Smithsonian Institution placarded the Langley plane as the first man-carrying airplane. It had been completed five months earlier than the Wright plane, but on trial had failed to fly. Not till 1914, when it had been equipped with a new motor and other devices by Glenn Curtis, did this Langley plane fly. It is through an error that the Langley plane has been placed in our national museum, while the Wright plane has been allowed to go to a foreign museum.

In 1906 Santos-Dumont, a Brazilian living in Paris, remained in the air 21 seconds, flying a biplane of his own construction. In the meantime the Wrights had made 160 flights, and had managed to stay in the air continuously for half an hour. In 1908 a flight by Orville Wright, in which he stayed up for more than an hour, excited great interest among United States Army officers. But a few days later, with Lieutenant Selfridge as a passenger, the propeller blade broke. Selfridge was killed and Orville Wright seriously injured. It was the airplane's first fatality, and it snuffed out America's interest in flight.

Wilbur, meanwhile, was in France startling the scientists. He set a world's endurance record by remaining aloft for more than two hours at Le Mans, and his success stimulated the Europeans to remarkable accomplishments within the next few years. They did for America's creation what America herself utterly failed to do. Many planes *that flew* began to be built in Europe, and in 1909 Louis Blériot flew across the English Channel, a distance of 20 miles, in 37 minutes. This was the first long over-water flight.

Blériot's plane had two outstanding

improvements: a control-stick and a covered fuselage, the body shaped like that of a bird. In that same year the Farman brothers, Frenchmen, used ailerons for the first time. With these the whole wing could be built rigid, and therefore lighter and stronger.

Another attempt by the Wrights to arouse the interest of the United States by flying from Governor's Island, New York, around the Statue of Liberty and giving other daring exhibitions proved fruitless. People gasped, but otherwise showed no interest. So the Wrights returned to Europe, working in France and Germany. Honors were heaped upon them. A cartoon of the time, now hanging in the Wright home in Dayton, shows Wilbur seated, utterly at his wit's end, a bushel basket of medals at his feet, while notables, led by King Edward VII of England, wheeling the Prince of Wales in a perambulator, wait—grinning—in line, to meet him.

Then gradually this new force which men of all nations were pursuing from creative, scientific, or adventurous instincts began to shape itself to new purposes. Various world powers became interested in the airplane for military uses. Each nation began to guard its secrets jealously from the others. The majority of world records lay with the French until 1914, when an intensive German development showed itself. A German plane reached an altitude of 26,246 feet; another remained in the air 21 hours without landing. Then suddenly came the shock of War.

The airplane was little ready for the task of fighting. At first it was not certain just what use could be made of it. It was sent out on observation missions and during those first days enemy pilots were wont to wave at each other in friendly fashion in passing. Later they began to fire at each other with pistols, though there was little danger in this. Gradually the importance of having machine-guns was recognized. The French were the first to attempt this. They erected a scaffolding in order to shoot over the propeller, but this was not practicable because the pilot had to

stand up to sight his gun. Then in 1915 a mechanic devised a way of "gearing" the gun so that it would fire between the revolutions of the propeller. The idea was quickly seized upon by other nations. The first guns fired 400 times a minute between the strokes of a propeller revolving 1400 times a minute, so that the problem was a ticklish one. This was the beginning of the use of the airplane as a fighter of those fierce and deadly duels of which we heard increasingly as the war progressed.

To all countries it had become evident that the side which possessed the fastest and largest air-fleet would win the war. This led to a tremendous engineering and manufacturing race. One country would produce a plane, thinking it could climb above any other, only to see an enemy plane far above it in the sky; one would bring out a plane with a speed of 115 miles an hour, thinking it a triumph, only to have it chased home by one much swifter. Planes were constantly brought down behind hostile lines, and thus the different countries became acquainted with each other's latest improvements. This agony of competition developed the airplane more in four years than during all previous years.

The airplane that came out of the war still had far to go, but henceforth the United States was to have a decisive finger in the pie. Research and test-work were performed by the Advisory Committee for Aeronautics and the Bureau of Standards. New parts, such as materials, wheels, landing-gears, wings, fuselages were separately studied. Parachutes, landing-lights, more reliable compasses, radio beacons, improved telephone sets, and wheel-brakes were developed, and ever a terrific struggle went on for greater reliability in planes and motors. Gradually metal parts were substituted for wood. Today many all-metal planes are in use, and though these are not favorites with some authorities, it is generally believed that the commercial airplane of the future will be one of all-metal construction. The duralumin propeller has almost

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# How I Got to the Top

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly (December, '28)

ALL that I am today I owe to the magazines. I used to buy them from the news stands; and then somebody gave me a subscription to the *Era*. It was the turning point of my life. No, I don't mean intellectually. I'm talking about material things, dollars and cents. Until then I had never learned the truth of that splendid old proverb, "A penny saved is a penny earned."

Shortly afterward—or so it seemed—I received a message on a green slip in my copy of the *Era*: "Your subscription expires with the next issue, and we are giving you the opportunity to take advantage of our Special Offer which holds good only until February 15. *Era* costs \$4.00 a year. *McClennan's*, taken alone, is \$3.50. We will send you both magazines for \$5.50." I calculated rapidly: \$2.00 on a \$5.50 sinking fund is 36 percent. Was I a man to give the cold shoulder to a 36 percent investment? I sent them my check.

Soon afterward I received a square, spotlessly white envelope. "Aha," I mused. "Here is that long awaited invitation to the Hallowsays' dance." Eagerly I tore open the envelope. Inside, sure enough, was an engraved invitation—to take advantage of the *Woman's House Builder's* kind offer to send me, free of charge, one dozen handsomely initialed handkerchiefs as a slight token of appreciation for my subscription (\$3.00) to the *Woman's House Builder*. I accepted—with pleasure. And anyhow I learned later on from a friend that the Hallowsays' dance was a washout.

This stroke of fortune I followed up with a few more investments. It was then that I happened to encounter Len on the street. Len is a Wall Street man, and naturally our talk drifted to finance.

"Have you anything good up your sleeve?" I asked him nonchalantly.

His eyes sparkled. "Have I!" he replied enthusiastically. "Five hundred shares of Consolidated Lightning Arrester at 112 1/2! That's all! And a merger in sight. Man, it's a gold mine! And how about you?"

"I," I began calmly, "have two years of the *World Explorer*, 1929, 14 percent, three years of *New Psychology-South American Humor* combined, 21 percent with quarterly Gillette Razor Blade dividends, five years of *Horses and Huntsmen*, and a set of O. Henry maturing in three years."

I could see he was impressed and confused. He fumbled for words and finally sputtered, "Well, I stand to clean up between seven and eight thousand provided—"

"I can't lose," I interrupted brusquely, and walked away.

From then on success became positively monotonous. I began to receive checks. Not real checks, of course, but enticing green, blue, and yellow slips saying, "This Is Worth \$5.00—if you take advantage of our renewal offer." These I cashed into subscriptions for myself, my friends, and my future children.

My possessions are now legion: sets of Dumas, Poe, the Five-Foot Shelf. Books by Plato, Darwin, Upton Sinclair. Reams of monogrammed stationery. Cocktail shakers. Castile soap. A magic lantern slide. Radiator tops. Booklets on *How to Build Ship Models*, *How to Sprint*, *The Truth about Sacco and Vanzetti*, *Do the People Want Democracy?* These and a thousand other things.

I am no longer a drifter, a wanton spender—I have learned the Secret of Thrift.



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completely replaced the old wood "prop." Air-cooling for high-power motors was a difficult problem which took a group of engineers several years to solve—with a valve which would not burn out. As one engineer said, there was "no more excuse for a water-cooled engine in an airplane than for an air-cooled engine in a motor-boat."

Meanwhile, flying accomplishment had been high. In May, 1919, the naval seaplane, NC-4, commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Albert C. Read, flew from Newfoundland to the Azores, Portugal, Spain and England—making the first transatlantic flight in history. On June 14, 1919, Captain John Alcock, a 27-year-old English war-pilot, and Lieutenant Arthur W. Brown, in an English bombing plane, made the first non-stop transatlantic crossing, flying from Newfoundland to Ireland in fog, sleet and rain in 16 hours and 12 minutes. Because of the early stage of airplane development, the unreliability of engines, the crude navigating instruments, this must ever stand as one of the most daring flights of all time.

Through those first years after the war, however, it had seemed impossible for the United States to become genuinely interested in commercial passenger aviation, though the air-mail service expanded rapidly. In September, 1927, these air-mail lines covered 11,446 miles. But passenger flying was mostly confined to "joy rides." Airplanes were put to occasional specialized use for photography, patrol of forests for fire-protection, "dusting" of territory infested with insect pests, and advertising. Still there was lack of public confidence.

Then Lindbergh flew to Paris! And there was a great rousing from the half-asleep of public doubt to wide-awake realization. In a flash this young knight of the wing accomplished what years of argument could not have done. No magic carpet of the Arabian Nights can touch the flights that followed for wonder. For Chamberlin flew to Germany, Maitland and Hegenberger to

Hawaii, Byrd to France, Brock and Schlee to Tokio, Wilkins explored the arctic, and Kingsford-Smith and Ulm, in the most remarkable piece of navigation ever attempted, crossed the Pacific to Australia, the longest leg of the flight, 3138 miles, lying between two dots in that vast ocean, Hawaii and the Island of Suva. Nor must we omit the flight of Amelia Earhart, the first woman to succeed in making the transatlantic crossing. We might add no less brilliant foreign flights, save that our list grows too long.

About three years ago, we went on a summer afternoon to a nearby flying-field. Three planes were lined up, the pilots wistfully wishing for passengers. A handful of people stood about waiting to see somebody else go up. Nothing happened. A few weeks ago, we visited this same field. Eight new planes were on the line. Hundreds of automobiles were parked near and people crowded the field. The planes were beautifully handled—long, easy climbs; smooth "three-point" landings. We heard a jolly negress declare that, *no ma'am*, she wasn't gonna fly till she got her wings to go up to glory. But most of those eager, uplifted faces said they'd like to try it much sooner than that. That is the difference between *then* and *now*.

For the first time, in 1927, the Department of Commerce was able to obtain complete authoritative records of accidents. The report for that year shows 164 deaths from flight in the United States. But it also shows over 1,400,000 miles, or a distance of 60 times the circumference of the earth at the equator, flown for each fatality. The majority of these fatalities occurred with unlicensed planes and pilots and were made features in our newspapers.

Twenty-five years have passed—or, as Mr. Wright expresses it, "We have gone from one minute to more than 65 hours in the air, from one-half mile to more than 4000 miles, and from a few feet to seven and one-half miles above the ground! And we have not even approached the limit of possibilities!"

# *Why South Americans Fear Us*

Condensed from *The North American Review* (December, '28)

*L. L. Bernard*

AS a people we are distrusted and disliked by the Spanish-Americans with an intensity never before equalled among them. It is difficult for a stay-at-home American to imagine the furor that was caused throughout Latin America by the United States sending Marines to Nicaragua to support the Diaz régime. Masses of the people, led by politicians and agitators, met in huge crowds in the streets and public places, listened to fiery denunciations of North American imperialism, and shouted themselves hoarse in hatred of "the great Colossus of the North."

Posters in large numbers appeared on the walls of buildings in Buenos Aires, where I was then residing, calling upon the people to awaken and defend their endangered liberties against the advancing butcher and devastator. For weeks the chief theme of the cartoon makers was a bullying "Uncle Sam," now pictured as an assassin, and again as a slave driver with his whip.

When I once ventured to remark, by way of explanation, that the anti-imperialists in South America would probably get better coöperation from the Liberals of the United States if they did not lump all North Americans together as rank imperialists, but recognized that a large minority, if not a majority, of the American people did not approve of the Nicaraguan policy of our Government, a young university professor exclaimed in ire: "The Liberals of the United States—they count for nothing even in their own country. We must look to ourselves for defense and form no alliances with our enemies!" From the moment I made that sugges-

tion I think that the young Radical Intellectuals regarded me as either a spy or at least as a "good will" visitor, which in their minds is not very different.

There was a time when practically all Latin America looked upon "La Gran Republica del Norte" as their guide and protector. It was after 1900 that their title for us began to change to "the Colossus of the North," and it is since then that their politicians have faced toward Europe instead of northward. What caused the change of front? Why are we now distrusted as cordially as once we were admired and imitated?

The causes of this growing distrust are, I think, of several kinds. In the first place, our history is against us. The Latin American school children know a great deal more than ours about our early policies regarding Cuba and Mexico. Their history text-books do not neglect, as ours do, the Walker plot to annex Cuba or the political machinations which precipitated the Mexican War.

But it was our invasion of Cuba and the Spanish-American war which finally turned the tables against us. Up to that time Spain had been regarded with distrust, often with hatred, by Spanish American leaders. But with the war one of those ironical events in history happened. Spain, the loser, was glorified as we, the conquerors, became the heritors of the distrust formerly heaped upon Spain. "Blood counts," and their former disagreements with Spain were looked upon as in the nature of family quarrels, while we became confirmed in their eyes as an imperialistic

nation, exploiting a people of their own blood, religion, and culture for the sake of world empire.

Today the Spanish reconquest of South American public opinion is almost complete. Every movement of the Spanish court and every policy of the Spanish Government are detailed in their leading dailies with almost as much fullness as we give to our own governmental affairs. Spanish books and journals are as common as their own.

But it is our recent history and policies which have done most to deepen their distrust of our motives. The South Americans, watching our behavior in Panama, Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Nicaragua, wanted to know what we were up to; we said little or nothing, and that evasively. This caused them to believe that our motives would not bear explanation.

South American Intellectuals believe that imperialistic conquests by our North American capitalists are backed by our Government, even that this economic imperialism is largely an accomplished fact. "Bolivia," said an outstanding Government official to me, "has become practically a North American province, so far as capital is concerned. Almost all Bolivian industry is under the North American bankers' thumb." He felt that the same thing was true of Chile and Peru. His statements, whether or not correct, show what South Americans think and fear.

Another marked cause of the Latin Americans' distrust and dislike of us is their ignorance regarding us. The few who visit the United States stop at New York and do not tarry long enough to understand us. They see our very obvious misrepresentations of themselves in the movies and newspapers, and resent it. They naturally are doubtful of our love for veracity and moral integrity after such an introduction. They are as ignorant of us as we are of them, but scarcely more so.

South Americans object to the Monroe Doctrine not, so far as I can see, because they dislike its fundamental principles, but because it is one-sided.

They wish to share in it, to make it an all-American doctrine. Give them a voice in its formation and administration, and they will feel that their interests are protected.

Anglo-Saxon silence is a quality which the talkative and convivial Latin cannot understand. The baffling taciturnity of the "Saxons," as they call the English and North Americans, disconcerts them and leads their active minds to all sorts of suspicions. One of our greatest possible diplomatic assets in Latin America would be to explain carefully to the world every political step we take in intra-American affairs. If our Government feels that its policies in Central America and elsewhere are obligatory and justified by necessity, it would do well to state its reasons meticulously. If our Government is convinced that the unsettledness and irresponsibility of some of the Latin American republics are a menace to international peace, let it say so in words not to be mistaken. The Latins are fundamentally a very frank people.

If we speak out frankly about our motives, and if the speech has the ring of truth in it, I believe there is little to fear. It is the hidden motives that excite suspicion. Of course our motives would have to be fair to them. We cannot expect approval if our policy is really one of aggressive imperialism.

Perhaps the most important need of all is to get better acquainted. Men of broad cultural interests visit these countries from the United States so seldom as to be almost curiosities. But there is a constant interchange of leading scientists and literary men between Europe and South America. The European peoples are more subtle in their diplomacy. Their good will visitors are invariably great scientists, writers, and artists, who establish friendly relationships and call forth respect and gratitude. With such gentle diplomacy arguments are unnecessary, tactless. Truly we, as a Government and as a people, have much to learn with respect to the art of getting along with our neighbors.

# Help Wanted

Condensed from The American Mercury (December, '28)

Jack Woodford

A GIRL friend of mine has a job this year at a rattling good salary which is the strangest I ever heard of. She is head advertising copywriter in the classified advertising department of one of the largest daily newspapers in the United States. She assures me that most large newspapers have her counterpart.

Last Sunday she and I analyzed the 11 pages of the classified advertising section of her paper. Over 90 percent of the advertisements she writes are for the Help Wanted columns of this section. Ad by ad, she checked off those she called phonies. Some of these phonies she had written herself; others had been written by gifted men in the employ of the firms which inserted them. The phony ads constituted 31 percent of all the ads in the Help Wanted section of that paper. Here is one which she had written herself:

What's the first thing you'd want in an ideal job?

MONEY! OF COURSE

We offer the largest commissions of any real estate firm in this city.

You don't need to do missionary work to sell our properties. In our new South Side subdivision there are already 30 bungalows being erected. You don't have to talk vaguely about improvements to come. The improvements are already there. Water, gas, electric light, sewers and sidewalks!

It doesn't matter whether you've ever had any experience selling real estate. If you're ever going to snap out of that rut you're in, now is the time to do it. Men who have never made over \$40 a week are making \$100, \$200, \$500 a week with us. Drop in today for a talk.

There were several such ads, some almost a column long. And scattered about were various ambiguous smaller ads. Here is one of them that my friend had written:

I select inexperienced men and train them for my work. If you can pass a short, interesting test,

you need not fear that your earnings will be unsatisfactory. The work is not hard, and the hours are short.

My friend receives her salary directly from the paper. She is part of the service offered free to advertisers. A real estate man wishing to insert an advertisement for salesmen may simply give her his general ideas and have the ad written for nothing. Perhaps, by this time, you are wondering as I did, who these advertisers are.

For an explanation let us go to the offices of Mr. C. Hinch Blaverton. Mr. Blaverton, according to his own admission, has turned \$4.86 into \$5,000,-000 in less than four years.

Mr. Blaverton's mode of procedure was simplicity itself, and not original, except at one point. He went beyond the city limits, bought up old farms, and sold them at about the same price a square foot as he had paid for them an acre. It was his manner of selling these lots that was original. He used most of the old tricks of the subdivider, including sidewalks running through his cow pastures, with arty looking street markers at each intersection. But he did not, in the ancient manner, hire a small force of men to sell his subdivision on a part salary basis.

Instead, Mr. Blaverton hired men literally by the thousand. An entire floor of a downtown office building was used by his live-wire managers. Every day he loaded the Help Wanted columns with appeals for help, under every possible classification. For instance, under Bookkeepers Wanted:

Wanted, man who is thoroughly experienced as a bookkeeper. One who is dissatisfied with his present earnings and who would like to increase them. Call Suite 1008, Booster Building.

The dissatisfied bookkeeper, calling at Suite 1008, was met by a high voltage "Sales Manager." After a short pep talk, he was asked to report at the next "meeting."

When several hundred applicants had been roped in for a meeting Mr. Blaverton would appear to harangue them. And Mr. Blaverton was some haranguer. Out of every hundred men he harangued, he usually managed to sign up 25 or 30, some on a full-time and some on a part-time basis. During one year he actually hired 7342 such salesmen.

It was this new invention which revolutionized the art of realtor in the town, for Mr. Blaverton discovered that out of every half dozen men who could be induced to accept positions, two or three would sell one lot each to friends or relatives. After the new salesman had made his proverbial single sale, Mr. Blaverton's firm lost interest in him, and he drifted away. Of course everything was on a straight commission basis, so that no salesman drew a penny till he had made at least ten for the firm.

There is, as one can see, nothing particularly wrong about the plan. Every now and then, indeed, one of the suckers discovers a real talent for the job and makes enough money to buy an assembly room of his own, in which to ramp and roar to suckers he has roped in through phony classified ads of his own. If there is any sadness incident to the plan, it is in the fact that for every man who becomes a successful salesman ten or fifteen thousand fail and find themselves in bad holes, after having quit their \$35-a-week jobs. And because these men talk among their friends, it becomes necessary for the employers to get thoroughly brilliant ads that suckers may still be brought in and run through the mill. Also, it has become necessary to find new grinding teeth for the mill.

One of these new grinding units

is the characterologist. His ad reads like this:

At what trade or occupation will you best be able to express yourself? Come in for a consultation free. Professor Psittacus, a world-famed characterologist, will tell you at what work you will best prosper. He will not charge you one penny for the advice.

At first these characterologists used to work for the real estate firms directly and obviously. They would have an office right in the firm's suite, and all applicants would be sent to them. Unless the victim was deaf, dumb, blind, spavined, minus all four principal members and 75 percent dead, he was told that the sun, moon, stars, his palm, and the bumps on his head advised his immediate entry into the real estate profession.

Now, with more subtlety, some have set themselves up independently, insert their own phony ads, and apportion the applicants to different firms on a commission basis. One characterologist of whom I wot even employed; a man to circulate around his waiting room and whisper:

"This guy must be on the level: he advised me *not* to go into the real estate business!"

Another grinder is Free Classes in Psychology and Salesmanship. Thus:

Are you an untrained man? We need salesmen. Trained men. We can never get enough trained men to fill the vacancies in our rapidly growing organization. To meet this need we will train a few exceptionally bright young men, free, in Psychology and Salesmanship . . .

One may ask: "But do not all large cities require that real estate salesmen be licensed?"

Yes, they do. But when the unlicensed novice (or "bird dog" as he is called) goes out and locates a person willing to buy, he simply gets a signed slip to the effect that the man will buy, and then calls in one of the firm's real salesmen to close the deal. The real salesmen have licenses that cost two dollars. If a bird dog wants a license there is nothing to prevent his having one—if he has the two dollars.



# Chemical Preparations for War

Condensed from The Living Age (December, '28)

Albert Lapoule in La Revue des Vivants, Paris

IF the world were all it ought to be, this article would have only historic value. For it is only a little while since Russia joined the other nations in solemnly renouncing the use of gas and certain other chemical means of warfare.

As early as 1899 the great nations forbade the use of "asphyxiating or deleterious gases" in warfare. By the Treaty of Versailles Germany was forbidden to manufacture or import poisonous gases. And again at the Washington Treaty between the United States, England, France, Japan, and Italy the use of poisonous gases "and all analogous liquids, materials, or devices" in war was forbidden by international law.

Nevertheless, treaties or no treaties, all the states of the world are feverishly at work studying chemical war and planning their industrial organizations to meet its needs. Germany is forbidden to carry on any official research in chemical warfare, but in her so-called I. G. (Interessen Gemeinschaft Farben-industrie) she has the most powerful organization in the world for the production of organic chemical substances. Everyone knows, moreover, how easily a chemical secret may be guarded. The United States have their Chemical Warfare Service, commanded by General Fries, with a military personnel of 92 commissioned officers and 306 enlisted men, and an appropriation of over \$1,300,000 for the current fiscal year.

Italy has her *Commissione Suprema di Difesa* divided into three sections: chemical, technical, and therapeutic. At Porton, near Salisbury, Great Britain has laboratories and a school with a

staff of 22 officers and 26 chemists. Russia is conducting studies under the direction of Professor Ipatiev, of Moscow, and some German chemists, and Russian chemical industries are in full course of development. "Though the training of the Red Army does not yet equal that of foreign armies," says M. Worolov, Commissar of the Army and Navy, "there is no reason for being disturbed, for chemical warfare is still in process of evolution." Yet a few months later, at Geneva, the Soviet government renounced chemical warfare! Poland, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, and Spain are all hard at work on chemical research.

Finally, France, whose chemical industry was practically created by the War, possesses a *Commission des Études chimique de guerre* which carries on its scientific studies.

After the Washington Conference, General Fries did not hesitate to assert that America must nevertheless make thorough preparation for chemical warfare, and *Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering* suggested that the treaties need be taken into consideration on paper only, since no real way existed of preventing the use of toxic gases.

It is easy to see, therefore, that such treaties as have been signed represent nothing but the expression of good will—good will which is purely platonic and of so little effect that it would quickly vanish in a death struggle.

What then would happen in case of a new European conflict? What would such a war be like? At the head of the French Army's tactical regulations appears this statement: "So far as the international engagements which France

has signed are concerned, the French government will endeavor at the beginning of any war to secure agreement from the hostile governments to make no use of gas as a weapon. If this promise is not obtained, the French government retains the right to act as circumstances may dictate."

Let us admit then that in future battles we shall see all modern scientific achievements put to use. If war broke out tomorrow, we would begin with the heritage of 1918. That heritage consists of chemical war and war in the air.

Chemical secrets can easily be kept. Chemical factories can get out of overalls and into uniform in less time than it takes to write. Plants manufacturing chlorate of lime can be furnishing tanks of chlorine in a single day. Cotton dyeing establishments can provide oxychlorate of carbon; arsenic derivatives which make sneezing gases can be derived from medical laboratories.

Factories making artificial indigo can supply yperite, or mustard gas, and photographic establishments can provide bromide. Factories manufacturing chloropicrine can be turned easily from their agricultural uses. Other factories, manufacturing hydrocyanic gas and phosgene, can withdraw their benefits from rats and bestow them upon man.

The experience of 1918 suggests that war will extend into the zone behind the armies or, to be more accurate, distinctions will disappear and the whole country will be the front. That is the logical sequence of the idea of the "nation in arms." It is as important to attack the workmen who are making shells as the artillerymen who are firing them.

Consider what Herr von Parseval wrote in 1924: "If we admit to old-fashioned ideas, the action of aircraft would have to be exerted only upon military objectives. *Fortunately*, the more modern idea is that a whole country must be regarded as taking part in a war and consequently a hostile power can destroy *everything*."

This, then, is what we may expect, judging by the results of the last war. Let us pass on to some well grounded guesses as to what will probably follow.

Very little use was made of germs in the last war. But as a weapon of war they would have the immense advantage of speedy production at a negligible cost, in addition to the advantages of secrecy and easy concealment, since even a small laboratory can produce cultures. Even if the enemy managed to control disease at the very beginning, the results would be important. There would at first be a moral effect, followed by a diminution in the number of the enemy's population available for war work, since the very first method of combating an epidemic is to isolate all those who have been exposed. Among the eight scourges of humanity which might be used are yellow fever, dysentery, diphtheria, malaria, typhus, plague, cholera, and typhoid fever. The three last are the ones that can be most easily employed.

Before such a prospect, which will certainly be the last war as far as Europe is concerned, one cannot remain indifferent. Yet we shall never have guaranties of peace until we have brought to the service of peace the one thing more powerful than honor and promises, than love or hate, the one thing that will be effective in a civilization that depends on material progress: this factor is self-interest. We must make people see that an armed conflict will do nobody any good. In order to do that we must wage a war of economic agreements. We must do away with cliques and see things on a large scale.

Let us increase our common interests and peace is assured. The task will need perseverance, it will require innumerable contacts between our technical men, which will have to be reinforced by an indispensable exchange of intellectual leaders. Hatred is nothing more than the emotional aspect of ignorance.

# *The Mind of the Master*

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (December, '28)

*Robert Keable*

MODERN churchmen, Protestant and Catholic alike, shrink from facing the fact that the historical Christ was an ignorant man, so far as a question of mere knowledge goes. Catholic doctors have taught that the knowledge in the brain of the child Jesus in the cradle was infinite, and that had he pleased he could have argued with an Einstein or anticipated the discoveries of Edison. More modern theologians, shrinking from this, have elaborately argued that the person of Christ was not without all knowledge, but that he deliberately limited it in himself, as it is thought that by the Incarnation he deliberately limited in some respects his divine power.

All these are the speculations of theorists, who are driven to them by the necessity of supporting a case. The fact is that the historical Jesus, who steps on the world's stage at the preaching of John the Baptist, was what we should unequivocally call today an ignorant man. Thus Jesus no doubt had no idea as to the existence of the New World, the most crude knowledge as to the properties and functions of the human body, and an ignorance of the heavens and the earth which would seem abysmal to a modern schoolboy.

It is well to bear in mind here, however, that the really arresting thing is not that he was ignorant, but that he escaped in a most remarkable manner the results of his ignorance. An ignorant human mind is not, as a rule, a blank slate. It is a slate blank of true knowledge, but scribbled all over with writing, the writing of prejudice and superstition which distort the judgment of its owner. The trouble with a savage

is not that he does not know his multiplication table, but that he thinks he knows the exact number of devils which roam the world, and that disease can be driven away by the beating of tomtoms. Jesus, while ignorant enough, had not a distorted mind. He had, on the contrary, an unusual and penetrating common sense which set him head and shoulders above the men of his day, and still keeps him there above the men of our own.

It was, apparently, this superiority and clarity of mind which provoked the hostility of every vested interest and authority in Christ's day. It was not any revelation that he made or the exhibition of any peculiar knowledge which brought him to the cross, but it was simply his common sense in an age of fanatical nonsense. The miracle of it would be startling enough and disturbing enough to bring him, or any minister of his who exhibited it, to the equivalent of our cross today. It is worth our closest examination.

For, while Jesus was the child of an amazingly crude and ignorant age, he was also, in the true meaning of the word, the wisest of men. It is a dazzling wonder how his mind came to be so pellucid and unbiased. We must stand in adoration before it. Our own minds, after a lapse of two thousand years, are still incredibly distorted and incapable of sane judgments.

We tend to congratulate ourselves on seeing for our part the amazing common sense of Jesus, and we can even chuckle with amusement at the discomfiture of the Jews when he wades through their ridiculous Sabbatarianism and the like, but are we, in point of fact, wholly lined

up with him? Did this radiant common sense flash out only once or twice, or was it characteristic of all his sayings and doings? And, if characteristic of all his sayings and doings, whose side are we really on, the side of him and common sense, or the side of the world and fanatical nonsense?

Imagine Jesus arraigned before the Supreme Allied War Council, in 1914. He stands there, a peasant carpenter in dress. But his eye is clear. It does not see through the lenses of centuries of hate or political expediency or worldly well-being. It is not the eye of a great general, or of a business man who sees immense opportunities, or of a newspaper proprietor, or even of a mother crazed with grief. He says: "Love your enemies." "What!" exclaims the great general. "In the face of an enemy armed to the teeth?" "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also," replies Christ. "But what of atrocities?" demands the politician. "Do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you," returns the Christ imperturbably. Is this common sense? Would not the War Council have treated such a man in almost the same way as the Jews and Romans treated Christ?

Or take another startling case. Here is a woman taken in adultery. Imagine her dragged before a circle of our police officials, our bishops, our secretaries of societies for the suppression of vice. Two thousand years have elapsed since it first happened, years in which we have learned psychology, have studied the mixed impulses of the human mind and the unexpected workings of inherited sex impulses; years, too, in which we have had plenty of opportunity to observe what crimes can shelter under a respectably legal union of man and woman, and what nobility and devotion there may be where this is lacking. Is there one high-placed official among us who would turn away his face not to shame the trembling woman, and say gently, "Neither do I condemn thee"? Would not one and all conceive it their

public duty to act otherwise? Would not one and all, summing it up, argue that while pitying, etc., etc., and making every allowance for, etc., etc., it was their painful duty. . . .?

Did Jesus exhibit common sense? Was his mind clear, undistorted, pellucid, clean as the flash of a sword?

That we have hitherto unreservedly accepted that it was not is common knowledge. So far as the churches are concerned, books have been written and heaven only knows how many sermons preached to show that he spoke in a parabolic or a mystical manner, or in a manner indicating what our general mental attitude should be, but not, of course, how we ought particularly to behave in every instance. It is to their undying shame that scarcely one prominent Christian minister, in Europe or America, dared to say, "Love the Germans," during the Great War. And when administrators of law and order are confronted with the literal keepers of the Sermon on the Mount they imprison them as conscientious objectors, or hound them as dangerous communists.

If, however, we unreservedly accept that the mind of Jesus was an undistorted mind, we shall feel that the world has as great a need for his common sense today as it had in the days of his earthly life. There are ten thousand questions which wreck and ruin human life on the earth for which we need the common sense of Jesus. Our marriage laws, and also the matter of our armaments, would be straightened out if we could approach these questions with minds untainted by inherited superstitions, by national and class prejudices, or by dire mistrustful forebodings.

The common sense of the Great Galilean was never more strikingly exhibited than in his whole attitude toward sin and the forgiveness of sin, and upon no subject was he in more definite opposition to the ideas of his time. Yet, while the churches that call him Master credit him with all wisdom, they have not accepted in the least his common sense in this. They follow, on the contrary, the

Old Testament point of view of his historic enemies. They have, moreover, so successfully imposed their mind upon the world at large that even our statute books agree with Moses rather than with Christ.

The Old Testament regards sin as principally an offense in the eyes of Jehovah which requires purging by a bloody sacrifice. In the days of the historical Jesus, the temple courts were a shambles in the process of this expiation. And now the weight of traditional theology has been placed upon the cross, and Christ's offering himself as a sacrifice for sin has been regarded as by far the most important aspect of his work.

That Christ offered a bloody sacrifice of himself; that he paid a price; that sinners are lost eternally unless they are washed in the blood of Jesus; and that Christ is preëminently the Saviour through his own blood—this is the key message of Protestantism, as it is the basis of Catholic sacraments. Yet absolutely nothing of all this appears upon the lips of the historical Jesus. It is a direct development of Old Testament teaching and not of his. The historical Jesus calls himself a Light to reveal God; a Shepherd to lead a flock from an old pasture to a new one; Bread for the soul's hunger; Water for the soul's thirst; Leaven to ferment the world's sodden life; Salt to keep life wholesome; the Physician of men's diseases; the Vine, the Door, the Strong Man, the Bridegroom—but he never calls himself the World's Victim or the World's Priest.

In the second place, it is most noteworthy that the historical Jesus has a different category of sins from that of the Old Testament or of Paul or of ecclesiastical writers after him. The sins which occupied the attention of Jesus were hypocrisy, worldliness, intolerance, and selfishness; the sins which occupy the principal attention of the Church, as everybody knows from experience, are impurity, murder, the drinking of alcohol, swearing, and the neglect of the Church's services and ordinances. A man may be a notoriously sharp business

man, a hard man, a man in whose home there is neither love between husband and wife nor between master and servants, but he may be an excellent churchman for all that. His minister may have an uneasy suspicion that he is hypocritical, but he will denounce him from the pulpit only if he keeps a mistress or gets drunk in the street. But the scribes and Pharisees did not keep mistresses or get drunk in the street. Yet the denunciation of them by Christ was shocking in its virulence. They prayed, they relieved the poor, they kept the Ten Commandments, they set the Church before themselves and the State, but he said to them; "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

It is not that the historical Christ has nothing to say about sin. The kernel of the difference lies in this: that the sins which Christ denounced were social and of the spirit rather than of theology and of the body. It is sins such as the various kinds of impurity and drunkenness that religion today denounces, while it was the sins that ground down the widow and the orphan, which caused his little ones to stumble, or which made of men "whited sepulchres," which called forth the anger of Christ. It was man's inhumanity to man much more than man's offenses against God which roused his wrath.

Take, now, the question of the forgiveness of sin. Jesus forgave a number of people their sins, from the man sick of a palsy to the thief upon the cross, but in no single instance did he allege as the reason for forgiveness what is urged by the modern Church as necessary. The most outstanding and all but incredible example occurs in a no less known document than the Lord's Prayer. It is amazing that the import has escaped us. Here was the great Galilean teaching his followers to ask forgiveness of their God. And upon what are they to base their plea? A Salvation Army captain would say, "Pray thus: Father, forgive us our trespasses because of the sacrifice of thy Son on the cross." A Catholic priest would say, "Pray thus: Father,



forgive us our trespasses because we unfeignedly believe in the Church and have used, or are willing to use, the sacraments." There can hardly be a minister who would not teach his people to say, "Pray thus: Forgive us our trespasses because we repent and have faith in thy Son and will not trespass again." But Jesus said: "Pray ye, Forgive us our trespasses, *as we forgive them that trespass against us.*" This can only mean that the reason we should urge for our own forgiveness is that we have forgiven others. It might even mean that the measure of forgiveness we should demand is the measure of forgiveness we have granted. In either case the underlying thought is, as it were, social and not theological; it is as far removed as possible from the idea of an angry God who needs propitiation through the blood of a victim. Even more strikingly it does more than suggest, it definitely implies, another attitude toward sin altogether.

And so with other examples of forgiveness. It is a mere assumption that Jesus forgave the sick of the palsy because of his faith or the faith of his friends. Apparently he simply saw that the sickness of the man's spirit stood in greater need of healing than the sickness of his body. He waits for neither repentance nor faith, still less for theological acceptance of the atonement, but as simply as he says later, "Rise up and walk," he says now, "Thy sins be forgiven thee."

There are so many straws blowing on the wind that one does not know how to reckon them all. There is the gospel of forgiveness "until seventy times seven," to which nothing like justice has ever been done. Christ's words do not admit of any modification or belittling. They were apparently meant to be applicable to all the varied circumstances of life. The only hope for a sinner, Jesus thought, lay in other men's habitually and constantly forgiving him, as indeed their own hope of forgiveness lay in such conduct. "How often, O Lord, shall we forgive a German submarine captain who sinks a hospital

ship? Until he has sunk seven hospital ships?" "Verily I say unto you, until he has sunk seventy times seven."

The illustration may be read with a smile, but it is not written with a smile. The implication is much too serious. The implication of the Christian religion is that the sin behind it is too monstrous and fettering, too altogether a question of an outraged God, for any other attitude save its attitude to be possible. The sacrifice of blood is a necessity. But all this is additional, not to say foreign, to the mind we dimly glimpse of the historical Christ. His was the mind that argues apparently in some such way as the following; "The righteousness of the spiritually alive man must exceed the righteousness of the normally accepted religious man. He cannot enter into the real Kingdom of the Spirit unless it does. Thus the normally religious man says, 'You shall do no murder,' because that is the commandment of God, and its breach incurs his wrath. But I say unto you that it is enormously more important that a man shall not be angry with his brother. It is useless for him to approach God at all unless peace reigns in his heart. The normally religious man says, 'You shall not commit adultery,' because it is a breach of the law of God and incurs his anger. But I say unto you that for a man to lust after a woman, like a brute beast only, is just as harmful to his spiritual life as you think the sin of adultery is."

The man who said these words was not, if we may say so, a theologically-minded man, but a socially-minded man. His social-mindedness was also a spiritual-mindedness. It soared infinitely above the petty-mindedness of the Church in our own or any age. It is small wonder that neither his followers nor his enemies understood him in his own day, for we who would be as liberal as he fail to understand him in ours. He went lonely in those days, and he goes lonely in these. His is, and was, the loneliness of a spiritual genius whose like has not been seen on earth, and whose like we may well think we shall never see again.

# Have Women Changed Business?

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (December, '28)

Anne W. Armstrong

THE progress of women into business has been prodigious; and I, for one, have faith that they will win their way to the highest positions which business offers.

Yet I cannot discover the least warrant for Governor Nellie Ross's recent asseveration that "the entrance of women into conspicuous positions of trust has been contemporary with the elevation of the ethical standards in the conduct of business."

Early leaders of our most representative organization, the National Federation of Business and Professional Women, had, we must admit, some idea that change in the business world would be desirable when they adopted their motto, Better Business Women for a Better Business World. But when we look at the business women themselves, what do we find today? We find them ardently concerned with club machinery, with emblems, with official state flowers; with chicken suppers in New Hampshire, watermelon feasts and barbecues in North Carolina. We find them making merry with a relay race in water drinking, the winners receiving goblets, and the losers empty whiskey glasses; with black-face weddings; with "Baby Parties," which members are instructed to attend attired and deporting themselves as infants.

From end to end of the country we hear business women blowing on "gazooks" at their outings, hear them at "Hurrah Dinners" singing, with table thumping in the best chamber of commerce manner, such inspiring ditties as "Show Me the Way to Go Home," or "Pep, Pep, the Pep's All Here." We observe them at a "Bobbed-

Haired Breakfast," bobbed-haired and long-haired women occupying opposite sides of the dining room. We observe them working enthusiastically, almost frenziedly, boosting their respective cities or sections. As go-getters of the most orthodox type, 8000 rooters for Missouri and Kansas resolve to get the 1930 Convention of Business and Professional Women, and "standing with outstretched arms" they sing in unison,

Come, O come to Kansas City,  
Come, O come to Kansas City,  
Come, O come to Kansas City,  
In the Heart of America.

These illuminating examples of the business woman's spirit should go far to dispel any fear that the diverting figure of Babbitt is passing from the national scene.

But perhaps it is unfair to judge the business woman by the puerilities which the business man has by no means generally outgrown.

Let us examine activities of a more serious kind. We find them ranging from Republican Clubs in the North to Business Women's Missionary Circles in the South; including such diverse projects as the irrigation of the local cemetery (in Idaho) and a Better Babies Contest (in Florida). We find anti-tuberculosis sanatoria, gifts to poor children at Christmas, milk for undernourished grade children.

But what, in heaven's name, have irrigated cemeteries and better babies to do with raising the standards of business conditions and business ethics?

Even when she convenes in sober session, we do not find much encouragement in the views of Babbitt's sister. She expends enormous force in making the wheels of her organization go round.

She discusses Banking and Investments, Credits and Insurance, Advertising, Management, and so forth. But where in it all can be found the faintest glimmer of interest in social-economic reform? Where in all this discussing and rushing back and forth across the continent in Business Women's Specials is the remotest recognition of industry as an organic social process, making and distributing wealth in accordance with human welfare, and therefore, while based on voluntary action, requiring some social control? Where is the slightest repugnance to the doctrine that business is business, or a hint that the business world is deep-bitten with greed and dubious dealing?

Are we to have, then, another sex playing the old game, for purely personal success, oblivious of larger aims? Are we to have women bosses—but we already have them—who work their employees like coolies, pay them as little as possible, lay them off at an hour's notice, then blandly enjoin on them cooperation and company loyalty? Will the business man's sister soon be opening illegal price-fixing conferences with prayer?

In a word, instead of Better Business Women in a Better World, are we to have hard-boiled business women committed to a hard-boiled world?

I confess that I came away from a national gathering of business women a few weeks ago feeling that the outlook was none too bright. Innumerable indications had influenced me—each small, but disquieting when taken together. At one session a speaker ventured to suggest that the present situation of the army of middle-aged men and women who are vainly seeking jobs, might be alleviated if business were willing to give the matter the attention it deserves. Every large organization, she said, has places into which a middle-aged person may be fitted without loss; it is largely a matter of business being willing to divest itself of a prejudice.

A most imposing woman sprang to her feet.

"I," she announced, in a stentorian voice and with ironic emphasis, "belong to that much abused class, the employers. Under no circumstances," she proclaimed jocosely, but with fire, "would I employ a middle-aged person." She ridiculed the pretensions of the middle-aged to business consideration. "I want only young, fresh, *pliable* workers—" And the really significant thing was the thunder of applause that broke from that assemblage.

Without doubt many clear-sighted business women are not in position to oppose business courses which they condemn. "Bolshevik!" may be flung at them. Business women generally are perfectly aware of the fierce denunciation visited upon the Y. W. C. A. when that association bent its efforts—the first and only real efforts that any association of women has made—toward a better business world.

The National Federation of Business Women was not a little embarrassed at its start by having prominently associated with it women who had been identified with the Y. W. C. A. They feared their new organization might be blighted by the suspicion that it stood first of all for business righteousness.

But to every one influenced by such considerations, there are probably a hundred who have been lulled into the belief that whatever is in the business world, is right. This is explained in part by the fact that more of the women who are business leaders today have worked themselves up from secretarial openings than from any other. And it is a natural thing for the secretary—the more immature of the two—to acquire business views identical with those of her boss, if she did not actually outdo him in those views!

Thus far business has not yet attracted such crusading spirits as Susan B. Anthony's, the daring intelligence of an Ellen Key; it has developed no women with the gift for leadership of Carrie Chapman Catt, no genius akin to Jane Addams'. Will there not be business women with courage to blaze business trails of a new sort?

# Tricks of Carniverous Plants

Condensed from The Scientific American (December, '28)

Alexander F. Skutch

THE whole process of the nutrition of plants is so unobtrusive, and involves particles so far removed from the limits of even microscopic vision, that mankind had cultivated plants for untold centuries before he obtained the slightest inkling of what plants actually do require for their nourishment.

But there is an immensely interesting group of plants which entraps small animals, capturing tangible portions of food and thus supplying itself with the nitrates and salts in animal proteins.

What an amazing array of ingenious pitfalls and snares are presented to our observation by these carnivorous plants! The leaves of the marsh-dwelling sundew are covered by a number of tentacles like pins on a pincushion, and are expanded at the ends into spherical glands—the pin heads. The glands secrete a sticky fluid, and glisten in the sunlight like so many dew-drops, whence the name. If an insect, attracted by the shining dew-drops, alights upon the leaf, it is held fast by the sticky secretion. The more it struggles the tighter the embrace, so it is the old story of Br'er Rabbit and the Tar Baby over again. This octopus of plants long anticipated the tactics of the fowler with his bird lime. The insect is digested by a secretion which the versatile glands pour over it, and by these its nitrogenous compounds are absorbed into the leaf.

Then there is the Venus's fly-trap, a small, white blossomed herb which is confined to a restricted portion of the Carolinas. The leaves are hinged in the middle, and when an insect crawls on one, the two halves spring rapidly together, the long comb-like teeth at the

margins interlock, and the prey is firmly entrapped. This plant suggests man's cruel steel trap.

The pitfall has been developed to a high degree of perfection by several carnivorous plants. The most familiar is our pitcher or side-saddle plant, a denizen of North American bogs. The trumpet—or pitcher-shaped leaves of these plants all operate on the same principle: the animal crawling over the mouth of the trumpet ventures onto the slippery inner wall, where it loses its footing and glides down to the bottom. Its escape from the bottom of the pitcher is made difficult by bristles all pointing downward. Once inside, the animal decays and its nutritious residues are absorbed into the leaf.

The bladderworts, with their miniature suction traps, are in many respects the most remarkable of all animal-trapping plants. Our most common native species, the greater bladderwort, grows in ponds and sluggish streams throughout the eastern and central states. It is a long slender plant with many-parted leaves, and floats just below the surface in quiet water. Roots of any kind are totally lacking, and the unattached plants drift at the mercy of wind and currents.

The bladders, which are the traps, grow about a dozen to a leaf. The valve, or door which gives access to the interior, closes against a sill in such a manner that it may be pushed inward but not outward. The surface which faces outward is strongly convex and bears four bristles. A small aquatic animal, pushing against the valve from the outside, may force it inward and so enter the bladder, but once within it

cannot retrace its path for it will only push the door more tightly shut. Apparently it is all as simple as the principle of the cage rat trap, which no one but the rat finds it difficult to understand.

But why should the animal enter the bladder? Charles Darwin was the first to consider this question seriously, but in spite of painstaking observations, he could only suggest that the animals might "habitually seek to intrude themselves into every small cavity, in search of food or protection." Other able botanists failed to penetrate the mystery. Then, about 20 years ago, the Swiss entomologist Frank Brocher began to investigate. He tried shooting small crustacea against the upturned valve from a fine pipette, usually with no interesting results. Once, however, the animal disappeared inside the bladder, and with it went a bubble of air to which it had become attached while within the pipette. This minute bubble of air was the revealing evidence which unlocked the whole mystery! It told Brocher that the bladder expands as it captures its tiny prey.

Following this clue, he was able to observe that the bladder becomes suddenly distended when one touches with a needle the valve or one of the four bristles which it bears. In expanding, the bladder sucks in a current of water, and the small creature with it. So the bladder is a suction trap, and draws in its prey as one fills a medicine dropper, or a fountain pen.

This discovery immediately raised another question: How does this rapid expansion come about? What is its mechanism? And we owe our explanation of this to the recent labors of two German botanists, Edmund Merl and A. T. Czaja. It is evident from their studies that the release of the set trap is not, like the folding together of the leaf of the Venus's fly-trap, connected with a specialized, sensitive motor organ, but is as purely a mechanical process as the

springing of a mouse trap. Let us choose a bladder which has just expanded and follow its subsequent behavior.

After the entry of the first victim, the valve, in virtue of its outward convexity, springs forward against the sill, where it forms a tight seal because of the thick, slimy covering. The four armed hairs studding the inner wall continue to absorb water from the cavity of the bladder, and this is somehow conveyed outside the plant. Since the tight seal makes it impossible for more water to enter, the side walls are slowly forced together, just as one's cheeks are forced together when one sucks air from the mouth.

If now a small swimming creature impinges against the valve or its bristles, the whole unstable system is upset. The shock breaks the seal, and the walls relieve their strain by drawing in a current of water, and the creature along with it. The sprung bladder contains 75 percent more water than set bladders. The whole process occurs in the winking of an eye. Once inside, the animal dies, but often not for days. It is slowly digested by a very weak digestive ferment. The same bladder may be sprung repeatedly, and resets itself each time in from 20 to 30 minutes, even while digesting its latest booty.

The prey of the bladderwort may include various small crustaceans, eelworms and infusorians. Mosquito larvae are often caught, and there is extant a picture of several tadpoles being swallowed head first by as many bladders. The number of animals held prisoner by a single plant at one time may be enormous. A large plant of the greater bladderwort with a length of seven feet bore approximately 14,000 bladders. The number of small crustacea in each of ten bladders ranged from six to 22, and it was estimated that the entire plant contained about 150,000 of these animals, in addition to numerous creatures of other kinds.





## Stock Market Pools—2

Condensed from The American Mercury (November, '28)

Fred C. Kelly

**I**T is often the task of the pool manager to make it appear that he is doing exactly the opposite of what he is actually doing. Frequently he is able to make his stock look especially desirable at the very time when he knows it has exhausted its immediate possibilities. Equally important, he can often make it look bad just before it starts to rise—when the pool itself needs a little more stock.

Every little while a stock makes a quick advance of from five to ten points and then shortly afterward loses half of this gain. The reason is so-called profit-taking. Traders clinch a small profit while they have it, and take their chances on getting the same stock back again at a slightly lower price. The pool knows that others will take profits after a brisk upward move, and beats them to it. Suppose that a stock that has been lurking at \$44 a share climbs within a few days to \$55. The top price of \$55 is forced solely for advertising purposes and is maintained only momentarily. For several days thereafter, perhaps, the price is \$52, holding there with decided firmness. The public says:

"Oh, goody, goody! Here's a chance to get it for \$52, three points below its high, and they say it's going to 80."

But as soon as the public has bought all it desires at 52, the pool quietly permits the price to recede to 48, where it may start in buying again for its own account. Beside the profits it makes on the major up-swing in a stock, a pool aims also to gain a return from these minor fluctuations.

When little stock is in the public's hands, that stock is said to be in good technical position. But if the public is

loaded up with a certain stock, though it may be intrinsically good its technical position is poor. "Too much stock is hanging over the market." At such times wise speculators aim to let that stock alone. They wait till the public has tired of it.

Two methods are always available for dislodging stock from the public's hands: by scaring it loose, and by wearing it loose. In other words, we may be frightened into selling by the fear of loss, or we may simply lose patience. After holding a stock for several months, hoping for a rise, we think: "That stock is never going to move. I'll sell out and buy something that *will* move." Pool managers have learned by observation just how long patience will hold out in a given market situation and they quietly out-wait the public. The time required to discourage those who are holding an inactive stock often runs from four to seven months.

If you have held a good stock for a long time, but finally grew discouraged because it wouldn't advance, and sold, then the stock is almost sure to start sensationally upward. The pool wasn't just waiting for your stock. The explanation is simply that everywhere the average store of patience is about the same. When you and I give up our optimistic expectations as hopeless and tell our broker to sell, it is almost certain that hundreds of other impatient holders are likewise selling. Closing out our stocks at the wrong time is the penalty we pay for being just average.

Some morning you may observe that a certain stock, long quiet, has suddenly become active. Each sale of several hundred shares is a fraction above the

previous sale and after a few minutes the stock sells four or five points higher than it did before this brisk little movement started. Then prices begin to recede and perhaps after half an hour the stock is quiet again at the same old price.

Here is the explanation: Mr. Pool Manager knows that the average man likes to tickle his vanity by getting a little better price for what he has to sell than other people are getting. Suppose a stock has been selling for a long time at \$40. A number of holders of such stock say to themselves: "I won't take \$40 but I'll take \$43." Others put their price at \$44 or \$45. They don't wait until the stock is selling at the higher figure, but place their selling orders in advance. These open orders may be on the brokers' books for weeks before they can be executed.

The pool manager perhaps makes it worth the broker's while to tell him just how many open orders are on his books, and at what prices. When there are enough to be important the pool manager says to his broker, or brokers, "Buy all the stock that is offered between 40 and 45."

That brings about the sudden run-up, like a mouse darting out of its hole for a bit of cheese and right back again. If the enterprise were not quickly carried out, many who had orders in at 42 would change their mind and raise their price. The pool must clean up all open orders on the books before the public has time to learn what is going on. Then the price promptly begins to recede.

Pool managers even reckon with such human factors as people's number habits. Ask almost anybody suddenly to write down a number between one and ten and the chances are two out of three that he will write seven. For some unknown reason, seven is a favorite number with us. Likewise numbers ending in either five or zero are handy numbers. According to census figures there are always more people aged 35 than either 34 or 36, simply because it is so easy to say 35 to the census man. A man seldom

receives \$26 a week, but often \$25 or \$30.

Now, these same number habits naturally are felt in stock transactions—and the pools know it. If you will look at a newspaper giving the high and low prices of all stocks in the entire year, you may observe a surprising number of stocks whose high for the year was a figure ending in a four or a nine—just under a multiple of five. The reason is that we think round numbers and try to sell at a round number but don't always succeed.

The majority of sellers are asking, let us suppose, 150 for a stock, but the best bid is only 149. Finally, enough sellers decide to take 149 to fill at least part of the demand. Then the price drops to 148 and lower. All who held out for 150 now wish they had accepted 149. Pool managers are clever enough not to wait for round numbers but to sell ahead of the price asked by others.

Reversing the process, the low price of your favorite stock is likely to be just above a five or a zero. We say of a favorite stock: "If it goes back to 90 I'm going to buy it." But more experienced buyers may get in ahead by bidding  $90\frac{1}{2}$  or 91.

Such tactics, which pools employ regularly, may seem to us unfair. The truth is, however, that every one of us who fools with the market tries to carry out the same technique—to buy cheap and sell dear.

Moreover, to give the devil his due, many pool operations probably have a benign influence, for they help to keep prices steady. Many of the most riotous advances in stock prices during the last year were made, not when a pool was operating, but when the uninformed public got excited and kept on bidding up a stock, thinking not of its value, but only that it might sell still higher tomorrow. When realization suddenly comes that a price is too high, a drop of 20 or 30 points may occur in a single day. The pools often get the blame when the real fault is the greediness of the public.

# The Newest Fad in Education

Condensed from The World's Work (December, '28)

Montaville Flowers

A FAD is what everybody does because everybody does it. Almost every phase of life is subject to the rage, and education is not excepted. "Men dress their children's minds as they do their bodies, in the prevailing fashion," said Herbert Spencer. Between 1885 and 1910 we can remember such fads as the "object lesson" which James Whitcomb Riley caricatured in his story of the peanut. His caricature was no funnier than the teaching of the time. Another fad, vertical writing, swept the country in 1900, wrecked the old art and itself too, and produced a generation of the worst penmen that America ever saw.

The latest fad revolves about two words: "vocation" and "guidance." The fad is not yet fully in, for, as the National Education Association says, "The subject of guidance and vocational education is still in a confused and formative state in this country." But it will become a fad, because all of the agencies to make it one have arrived. It is backed by a special law and financed by the Federal Government, with a state director in every state capital. It is represented by special magazines and courses in universities. Textbooks, questionnaires, card systems are on the market.

The word "guidance" is the root and trunk of the system. Its altruistic purpose is to help every child to find his life work and to choose the studies and training that will assure him success in it. It would make every grade, beginning with the sixth or seventh, a place of retail, not wholesale, life preparation; of the acquisition of special, instead of general, knowledge. As a prerequisite

to its operation educators must characterize three worlds: *first*, the individual capabilities of each child; *second*, the mental and physical essentials for success in every employment; *third*, the courses in knowledge and skill that will equip any child for his place in society, once designated. It is the most prodigious undertaking in the history of education.

To discover the capacities and bents of the child, he is subjected to intelligence tests by the teacher, physical examination by physicians, and tests by experts of psychology; a record is made of his home life, his parents, brothers, and sisters, and their occupations, and what he has done in previous school work; upon this data the teacher or special advisor recommends to each student the courses of study and work he should undertake, and the lines of life work for which he should prepare.

The guidance teacher must possess encyclopedic information, unerring powers of psychoanalysis, and intimate contact with every child. Plainly, the teacher herself is the first problem and limitation of guidance. "Our applicants for positions as vocational guides," says one director, "are mostly girls fresh from college where they have had courses in mental tests, occupations, etc.; but they have had no world contacts; they know nothing of the intricate complex of practical affairs, and after they get into the schools they will have no such contacts; how can they guide through what they do not know?"

The old term, *in loco parentis*, had but one meaning a quarter of a century ago: that the teacher had the powers of the parent in governing and disciplining the child while he was under

the teacher's care—this, and nothing more. The assumption by public schools of paternalism in such intimate and important matters as directing the choice of life work is a new function for the school or any other government agency to assume; it marks a new era in American education.

But is this educational gun hitting the mark? It was the chief contention of those who introduced the régime of manual training that these innovations would interest boys who have no inclination for academic studies. How powerful a magnet are these departments to draw students from other departments to them? In a city where it is being given full trial, the head of the vocational education department says: "These departments are not proving such a magnet. For instance, in a finely equipped high school I saw fine new shops with lathes sufficient for 40 students, but there were only three boys working in them; fine printing shops, but only three girls and two boys working in them; the girls are not filling up the domestic science departments."

Do the returns in educational values justify the *per capita* cost? A shop must be equipped with supplies and expensive machines that time soon makes worthless; for to teach the *tools* of a trade is the first essential in teaching the trade, and these tools must be up to date. This makes vocational training very expensive.

In a questionnaire which I recently submitted to students, these questions were asked:

What aid have you had from the high school in trying to make a choice of your life work?

What do you think the high school should do to assist students in choosing life work?

Answers were given by 10,000 seniors—and if we grant the theory of vocational guidance, we must grant that these seniors are competent to answer.

In a high school for girls, with full course in guidance, of 208 seniors, 137 stated that they had received no aid from high school in making their choices.

In another high school with 200 seniors, girls and boys, half the girls and 60 percent of the boys said they had received no aid whatever from the school in their choice of their life work. It is apparent that the students did not feel that taking intelligence tests, filling out blanks, talking a few minutes in class or even privately with teachers about their studies, meant that their life work was being directed.

Moreover, in answer to the last question, replies were identical from several schools: the students felt that the school should not influence or assist in the choice; that was the personal business of the student and his parents.

Further questions indicated that students have not the depth of mind that seriously considers life work until after 16 years of age. Except in extraordinary cases the student is likely to wait long and to change his mind often.

Such conclusions are established by the results of vocational education at Antioch College, which has studied the subject with superlative care and patience. There are few who go to Antioch except those who have strong leanings toward a vocation. Yet Antioch says that "three fourths of them change the choices they have made when entering because their earlier choices lacked the necessary basis of judgment and experience." That being true, the question may well be raised against pressing hard upon the subject in high school, particularly during the tender years of the junior high school, where mistakes in "assorting and steering" children may be irreparable.

Out of the present chaos what will survive is problematical. But unless the ideas of guidance can be worked out more practicably, unless there is more accord among educators on the relative values of cultural studies and vocational work, and unless the latter can be made less expensive, the cultural objectives in secondary schools will again emerge, and the dominance of this latest fad be lost.

# The Story of the Christmas Tree

Condensed from The Delineator (December, '28)

John Macy

THERE stands the fairy tree with its glittering balls and pendants, tinsel and lights (tallow once, electric now). We take the tree for granted as the essential sign of Christmas. But what has this fir decked with fragile baubles to do with the birth of the Saviour? It is a pretty story or collection of stories, consisting of myth, legend, conjecture, and history. Let us trace it backward, beginning at the American end.

It seems likely that the Christmas tree was introduced to America first by German immigrants (or possibly even by the Hessian soldiers of the Revolution) and found a welcome in New York, which with its strong Dutch tradition had already made Santa Klaus at home and was hospitable to Teutonic ideas, especially if they were jolly. At any rate, the first Christmas trees sold in America were brought from the Catskills to New York by an enterprising woodsman named Mark Carr in 1851. Before that, people had cut their own trees. Mark shrewdly thought that there must be people who wanted trees but could not go after them, and so fetched down two sledge-loads of firs and opened his market on Vesey Street. They sold so fast that people were bidding for those left. You may be sure he came next year and the next.

Now we will cross to the fatherland where the roots of the Christmas tree are deep in the soil. We come at once to pretty legends and a little authentic history. We learn from an existing manuscript that the Christmas tree was known, perhaps common and popular, in Strasbourg, Alsace, as early as 1604. Because people like to ascribe beautiful

things to their heroes, the Germans have placed the first tree in the house of Martin Luther. Returning from a journey under a sky brilliant with stars, Luther, poet as well as theologian, was overwhelmed with the glory of the eyes of heaven. Reaching home, he ran to a grove, cut a small tree, carried it indoors and hung candles upon it. Then he called his children and taught them that as these little lights were to the greater stars, so all the lights of heaven and earth were to the Supreme Light above the sky. The pretty story probably has its origin in a picture by a later German artist showing Luther and his family grouped about a lighted tree.

The *Weihnachtsbaum* (tree of the night of consecration) must be older than Luther. For there is a charming folk-tale that probably goes back to those indefinite times when fairy stories were born. A forester heard a knock at the door of his hut, and opening it, saw a ragged child. He took the child in and gave him food, and his son, Hans, gave up his bed to the stranger. In the morning the child took leave, and as he went he said: "You have been kind to me and I will return your kindness." So saying, he broke a branch from a fir and planted it in the ground; and it grew into a beautiful tree. "Each year," said the stranger, "this tree shall bear gifts in memory of one to whom you gave food and shelter." It was the Christ Child.

Now we must go back an indefinite time to the early years of Christianity in the North. We come to a time in the vague Dark Ages when Christianity was pushing further and further north and converting the Germanic and Scandina-



vian heathen from their old gods. And we come to a significant episode.

Winfred, a German missionary, is trying to convert the Druids of Norway. The Druids worship the oak and the mistletoe. (Is that perchance in some dim way the origin of our Christmas mistletoe?) Winfred tells them that the oak is a perishable thing and the true God is everlasting. To show them, he takes an axe and begins to cut down the sacred oak. As the chips fly, a great wind sweeps throughout the wood and the oak falls with a groan, breaking into four pieces. And behold, just where the oak had stood is a beautiful pointed fir. "That," said the missionary, "shall henceforth be your tree. It is evergreen and that signifies the everlasting." The logs of the fallen oak and also the idols of wood which were burned in token of submission to Christ are the origin of the Yule log of England.

The use of the evergreen as the Christmas tree is no doubt due to the obvious fact that it is alive in winter when other trees are leafless. Also, there is a symbolism in the shape of the fir and spruce. The deciduous trees, oak and elm, spread at the top. The evergreen rises to a point, aspiring, like a church steeple.

Now we come a little closer to the ultimate roots of our little tree with its lights and trinkets. It is here in our modern house because our ancestors were tree worshipers—not only our racial ancestors but our intellectual ancestors, the Romans, through whom Christianity came to the rest of Europe and to us. Our pretty Christ-tree, though it does not know it, is a converted heathen. All the old peoples worshiped trees in one way or another; and some of us who do not consider ourselves heathen are tree worshipers, sometimes forming an almost passionate attachment for a single fine specimen. The old sentimental verse, "Woodman, spare that tree," strikes a note of genuine emotion. Our pagan forebears worshiped the tree with religious fervor and endowed it with supernatural powers. The Egyptians had their sacred palm with its elaborate

cult, which was imported by the Romans and made part of the Saturnalia, a sort of harvest-home festival which came, remember, in the middle of December. As there were no palms in Italy, the Romans substituted the fir.

Similar tree traditions existed among other peoples, and Christianity came into a world of almost universal tree-worship and brought its own familiar tree images, those of the Garden of Eden and many others. There are countless tree metaphors. Christ himself is the Tree of Life; the cross is repeatedly called a tree. Christianity also brought from its Jewish parents a tradition of a lighted tree, for the seven-branched candlestick is a tree in conventionalized form.

The very time of the year at which Christmas comes is probably due to non-Christian celebrations. Nobody pretends to know at what time of year Jesus was born. But the winter solstice is a natural birthday. The shortest day of the year is two or three days before Christmas. Then the sun begins to mount; the new year is born. What is more natural than to place the birthday of birthdays at that time. Moreover, in the old Jewish calendar long before Christianity, a day which corresponds to the 24th of December is Adam and Eve day, and that fits perfectly with the new birthday, the festival of the original parents followed immediately by the birthday of the spiritual parent by whom the world is to be reborn.

We can follow our Christmas tree much as we know it back into the legends of Germany, where it is lost in shadows. We can start with the Bible and trace the course of the Christian idea down to the times when Christianity with its rich tree symbolism met heathenism and paganism and conquered and absorbed them. Between the two is a gap which we can bridge only with imagination. Without imagination we miss the meaning of Christmas and everything else. Certainly it is true to the inner spirit of truth to believe that our little tree which delights the children is a gift from the other Child, and that it is the sign and symbol of the Tree of Life.

## "Scarlet Journalism"

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine (November, '28)

Silas Bent

SOME 20 years ago I was a reporter in a murder case which had to do with an extremely scientific effort to kill several heirs to a large estate. My newspaper experience even then embraced a variety of murder mysteries, but this one seemed to me more fascinating than any other I had encountered. My judgment, I was to find, was narrow-gauged. "It was a good story," the editor said to me, "but not a great story. It lacked the supremely important selling factor—illicit love."

Until then I had not paused to reflect on the value of illicit love from the newspaper standpoint. The case which had fascinated me had involved mystery, a fortune of millions, and a cold-blooded skill in killing; but these, I found, were comparatively minor elements. In recent years I have marvelled at the eight-column pages given to stories which, lacking all these, possessed at least the value of illicit love. Conspicuous among them, of course, was the Snyder-Gray case.

In this a corset salesman and his paramour clumsily did the woman's husband to death. There was never any mystery about it, the insurance involved certainly was not staggering, and the principals were of no social distinction. But more skilled reporters were assigned to it than have ever been sent to a session of the League of Nations, and "trained seals" by the score were employed—including Will Durant, David Belasco, and Peggy Joyce.

The attitude by which the newspapers justified themselves is summed up in a trade journal of the press, *Editor and Publisher*. "Certain moralists are sure to high-hat this story and condemn the

newspapers for printing it. But even they must read it and be thrilled. It is hot stuff . . . A thousand sermons on the 'wages of sin' text would scarcely compare in value with the preachment that has run between the lines of this story."

Archbishop Whately, eminent alike as a logician, political economist, and theologian, once observed that to have a wrestling-match with a chimney-sweep was foolish; even if one were victorious one was befouled. Charles A. Dana and Horace Greeley, leaders in the journalism of an earlier day, apparently espoused that theory in evading wrestling-matches with merely salacious news. But during the past half-century the American press has become less and less discriminate in its exploitation of smut and lubricity. The Snyder-Gray case, which covered a greater acreage of pulpwood than any of its predecessors, marked an evil eminence in the ballyhoo of lechery.

"A scarlet journalism," says the assistant managing editor of *The World*, "is coming into being and has already gone beyond the excesses of the yellow journalism of a generation ago." Meanwhile another editor of the same newspaper decries "a growing menace of puritanism in news." We shall see presently that, viewed in a certain light, the two men are not far apart.

The newspapers got rich pickings from the Hickman case. William Hickman, a Kansas City youth, abducted, murdered, and mutilated a 12-year-old Los Angeles girl, and delivered the torso to the father for a ransom of \$1500, paid on the assumption that the child was still alive.

So far as I know the only newspaper which handled the Hickman case courageously, conscientiously, and constructively was the Brooklyn *Eagle*. It did not deal with the horrifying details of the Hickman story, but with its social implications, and gave the facts about the prevalence in New York City of such psychopathic cases.

One of its stories, written by Thomas S. Rice, pointed out that Hickman is of a type of potential killer which is far more wide-spread than is generally supposed. In support of this fact was given a painstaking and shocking catalog of the police records in New York City of men recently guilty of offenses against children. And it noted that the penal and reformatory institutions of the city were not provided with psychiatrists assigned to weed out definitely abnormal and dangerous persons who had run afoul of the law in their early stages, for treatment in other institutions. Indeed, there are no other institutions, owing to public ignorance of the need for them, to which such patients could be sent.

"When the public," wrote Mr. Rice, who is a member of the New York Crime Commission as well as a reporter, "is properly aroused by the publication of the actual, uncolored news of certain crimes, taxpayers may be expected to provide the money for a systematic reduction of the menace."

*The Eagle* is almost unique in its scientific approach to news involving sex. Doctor Edwin E. Slosson, head of Science Service, caused a survey to be made of the uses to which the press puts scientific material issued by that agency. It was a good survey, which covered 40 papers in big cities and small towns. Doctor Slosson declared:

"The conventional taboo on the free treatment of sex subjects in the press is supposed to have been removed, but this does not include science. A sex scandal will fill pages of even respectable papers with prurient detail, but it is impossible to get into print any item about the vitally important researches being made into the physiology and chemistry of

sex. That is to say, sex problems are admitted to the press when they are indecently treated, but not when they are decently treated."

The only reply I have seen to this damaging statement was that "many editors think they are not responsible for the 'news,' but are responsible for feature material and editorial comment." Obviously, this is disingenuous. The selective process can be exercised in every department of a newspaper—even in the advertising pages. The truth is that newspaper editors think indecent sex material sells papers, while material treating sex from a detached, cool, and scientific standpoint does not sell papers, and tends to kill the goose which lays the golden eggs.

The vengery, libertinism, and smut which the newspapers shovel cannot survive if newspaper readers have access to scientific analyses of sex behavior. About such an analysis there is the disinfectant quality of carbolic; it contains nothing obscene and nothing suggestive; but if the newspapers were to print it they would lose their market for triangular love-affairs, divorce-court indecencies, and sex crimes. For financial reasons the press has arrayed itself on the side of puritanism and obscurantism, as against science in the field of human conduct. It helps to maintain the taboo against intelligent and enlightened discussion of these matters. By indirection it applauds Cardinal Hayes in his pious pronouncement that "little children come trooping down from heaven." It fortifies public ignorance. It encourages the havoc of degeneracy and functional insanity.

I do not mean, of course, that publishers and editors are guilty of wilful depravity. But they have lost sight of their public obligation in a feverish competition for mass circulation. So long as the newspapers remain prurient, their actual merits will be obscured. Until they mend their manners they will witness the deepening of a distrust and dislike already dangerously widespread.

# A. P. Giannini—Bancitaly

Condensed from Plain Talk (December, '28)

David Warren Ryder

**A** P. GIANNINI—it is a name to conjure with. Twenty-four years ago it merely identified a successful dealer in farm produce. Today it has come to stand for wizardry in American banking: for the Bank of Italy is as definitely American as baseball.

Armadeo Peter Giannini simply harnessed an alert, active mind, a healthy body and a perfect passion for work to banking, that is all. He was born in 1870 near San José, California, of Italian immigrant parents. He had no formal education—quitting school at 13 to go to work—and was without experience in financial matters beyond what he learned in buying and selling farm produce. But when at the age of 33 he had become outstandingly successful in his business and had founded the Bank of Italy, the fact that he had no “banking background” proved enormously to his advantage. What “banking practice” was meant nothing whatever to him, and never determined his action. He was mocked and derided because he instituted the policy of accepting, as security for loans, kinds of collateral that “banking tradition” had never recognized.

“Will this realize enough to cover the bank’s outlay in case the borrower defaults?” was the only question he ever asked. He was wary and discerning in considering this point, but once decided, he never hesitated to make the loan. “If a man needs money and can give us something—no matter what—that will assure us of repayment with interest, he gets it.”

“Who he was”—that was something else that the traditional banker always considered carefully. What business had anyone without social position or

established financial standing, coming to a bank for money?

A bank to Giannini was a *bank*; he never had any conception of it as an instrument for venting personal likes or dislikes, or for rewarding friends and cronies. One of the chief functions of a bank, he held, was to loan money for a profit, and his common sense told him that personal animosities or friendships had no right to influence its exercise. “If I knew that the man wanted money to start a bank in opposition to ours across the street, I’d lend it to him if he gave us proper security,” Giannini once said.

His idea of branch banking came from abroad. He discovered there was one bank in London with many flourishing branches and that the plan had also proved successful on the Continent. He went abroad to study the situation and then established Bank of Italy’s first branch. It proved a complete success, and he added others to the chain, sometimes organizing a new bank in a locality, sometimes purchasing one already in existence.

When he carried his branch banks into the rural districts other bankers promptly predicted failure. Country people had never been considered “banking conscious.” But Giannini, who has never, I suppose, looked at a book on the subject, knows psychology. Many people, he thought, who were too much awed by the great gold-ceilinged downtown banks, with their marble floors and uniformed, glowering seneschals, ever to venture in would take willingly to the idea of a bank just round the corner alongside the hardware shop.

There is a certain friendliness and sense of security that comes of conti-

guity. So, many persons who had never been in a bank before came and opened accounts and country people who had been hiding their savings behind the clock rather than trust them to a bank a hundred miles away felt quite snug about putting it into a place close by and in the hands of men they could slap on the back and call Jim or Bill. And so it was that branch banks were a success from the start both in city and country, and millions of dollars came out of clocks and bowls and went into bank vaults.

Giannini also accommodated his banks to the convenience of his customers. Other banks opened at ten and closed at three. Bank of Italy and its branches opened at nine and kept open till five every day in the week except Sunday. Moreover, he didn't allow the president and other high officials to preserve a splendid isolation behind mahogany partitions. Their desks were in plain view and they always had time to speak to customers.

Nor did the relationship stop there. "Get the customers interested in the bank" was another Giannini policy. So, when you had been dealing with the Bank of Italy for a time, one day a vice-president stepped up to you and said: "By the way, Mr. Brown, why don't you buy a few shares of Bank of Italy?" To which you probably answered that you didn't have the money. Whereupon you were informed that the bank would lend you the money and that you could pay it back in monthly installments. Thousands took advantage of the offer. The stock turned out to be an excellent investment.

The employees of the bank, also, share in its profits. The bank puts 40 percent of its annual net profit into a fund which is distributed under a specially worked out compensation plan. Every employe, down to the office boy, shares in it, and Giannini has said that through such sharing in the bank's profits and through rights to buy stock in the bank, every employe at the end of 20 years service will have enough to retire on. Moreover, at the rate employees are now buying stock, in 20 or 25 years they will

own the entire institution. And Giannini believes that this is as it should be: that those "who really create its prosperity and growth should own it."

Success came to Giannini quickly, but by no means easily. He had to fight determined opposition every foot of the way: sometimes it was direct and open; more often it was subtle. Those "in the know" spoke vaguely of meetings of groups of "white" bankers, and the public heard that Bank of Italy "wasn't exactly safe." But for the solid foundation Giannini had laid in healthy sentiment, that devastating rumor might have proved ruinous. When he had conquered that rumor the opposition took a different turn. Giannini was "getting drunk with power." Was it "safe" to let this man, almost a foreigner, control so much money? Was he trying to get hold of the whole State?

All this opposition Giannini combated in the only manner he could. He played all his cards face up on the table; took the public fully into his confidence; gave the public still wider opportunities to share in his institutions' success. Then the opposition came out into the open. The Superintendent of Banks, influenced by anti-Giannini bankers, began to deny Bank of Italy applications one after another. The influence of Giannini's adversaries extended to Washington and the halls of Congress. In the battle that followed Giannini gave blows as well as took them—and held his own.

On April 15, 1928, Bank of Italy had 289 branches, more than a million depositors, total deposits of \$557,062,546.13 and total resources of \$781,337,858.73. It ranks as the fourth largest bank in America. Giannini himself is reputed to be the "poorest rich man" in America. Time and again he has declined special emoluments voted to him for some service to Bank of Italy or Bancitaly Corporation which made millions for them; and I believe him when he says he is not worth more than four or five hundred thousand dollars and does not intend to be. Even that, he says, is much more than any man really needs. This attitude alone makes him distinct among financiers.



# Business—the Great Adventure?

Condensed from The Magazine of Business (December, '28)

Earnest Elmo Calkins

PERHAPS it is a pity that business is almost the only game that business men play well, and that life without its stimulus becomes stale, flat, and unprofitable. It would be better if the average man's philosophy of life included a wider range of interests, so that he could retire when he had enough money for his needs and take up new pursuits with equal or greater zest. Some men are that way, and find new fields and explore them and get a lot of fun, but the most successful men appear to be those who know of nothing more fascinating than their jobs. They have their hobbies, and take vacations—yachting, hunting, fishing, philanthropy, book collecting—but they come back from the sea or the woods or their libraries bursting with new plans.

The development of American business owes most to the extraordinary enthusiasm with which its practitioners pursue it, and the reluctance with which they abandon it, even after they have amassed a fortune sufficient to satisfy reasonable needs, although money is carelessly supposed to be the inducement for which they work.

The point is that it is not. Business in its modern aspects supplies something that is otherwise lacking in latter-day life, and that something is adventure. The world has become orderly, safe, and known.

In the old days the lure of adventure was compounded in equal proportions of curiosity and bodily risk. Even a short journey was an adventure. Most of the globe was *terra incognita*. A natural impulse urged men to go and see what it looked like. There was always a war going on, or at least a pretext for starting

one. But where there once were Argonauts there are now P. & O. steamships, and the Crusaders have been replaced by the Messrs. Cook's tours of the Holy Land. Today the globe has been mapped and charted and put into the geographies; Commander Byrd will soon report that there is nothing at the South Pole worth writing home about; war has become a matter of chemistry and physics; and man is left with his lust for adventure, and no place to exercise it but in what was once sneeringly denominated as trade. So he has enveloped trade with the glamour of romance, and has become so engrossed in its conflicts and obstacles that all other avocations pale by comparison.

Most men engage in business originally to earn a living, and to the greater number that remains the motive. But some work to the top and acquire power and vision in their higher seats. They see opportunities to do new things never before included in the sober routine of business. Expansion, mergers, technical inventions and discoveries, chains, advertising—all these help to give to the conduct of business the unexpected and unusual, to create new obstacles and hazards, and to bring rewards far beyond the wildest dreams of a generation ago. These rewards are usually money, but the money does not all go into the pockets of the small group which controls the business. It is divided up among stockholders. We, the public, supply both the market and the money, and are partners in enterprise just as once each man of the crew of a whaler had a "lay" in the harvest of sperm oil.

In a recent interview Ford explained why at 60 he had no intention of quit-

ting. It was a plausible and philosophical reason, but it was not the real reason. The real reason is that there is nothing else in the world he had rather do, nothing so interesting, so absorbing as making and selling Ford cars. The recent switch from the old model to the new car gave Sir Henry the same thrill that the capture of the Holy Sepulchre gave Richard the Lion Hearted, but it is not the end of his adventure. It would be a terrible shock to Henry Ford to get up some morning with nothing on his mind more serious than buying a spinning wheel for the Wayside Inn.

Many explanations are given of the reason for the apparently endless prosperity of these United States, but surely a principal cause is the fact that American business men, those in position to really control industry, bring to their work an enthusiasm and interest which are not caused or measured entirely by profits. Modern industry moves so rapidly, presenting so many changing problems each day, that these men get more excitement out of doing business than playing golf, spending the winter on the Riviera, or retiring to Santa Barbara. It is doubtful if Peter the Hermit or Napoleon Bonaparte or Captain John Smith really got more enjoyment out of life than do Owen Young, Gerard Swope, Edward Filene, Roy Tomlinson, Alfred Sloan, Walter Chrysler, or William Durant. The modern hazard is mental, not physical. The modern adventurer risks not his life, but his business, money, and reputation for good judgment. But the interesting thing is that business has become intellectual, a profession that calls for the same qualities of mind that once made men generals and diplomats, and later engineers and scientists.

Elsewhere I have said, "Business may not be the noblest pursuit, but it is true that men are bringing to it some of the qualities which actuate the explorer, scientist, artist—the zest, the open-mindedness, even the disinterestedness with which the scientific investigator explores some field of pure research. Business has become a profession. Its

ethical standards are higher, its knowledge broader, and its problems appeal to the professional mind. Its routine, once the sole concern of business men, is now no more to it than the routine of a hospital to a surgeon, or the routine of a law court to a lawyer. And its profits after a comfortable living is assured are merely the counters that register the success of the effort."

In Werner's entertaining life of P. T. Barnum you find a realistic picture of a narrow, humdrum commercial age. Barnum started a country store, but after a few years of it he yearned for something more exciting, and became the Great Showman. Today Barnum would find in this amazing pantechicon of making and selling goods, outguessing the other fellow, engaging the good-will of the public, keeping up with changing styles and habits, more excitement than he ever found under the big top.

"We have always held," says William Feather, "that there is a high type of business man, and that he is a high type because he has in his make-up the spark of the artist. This type of man is of the creative temperament. He enjoys the thrill of coordinating the brains and hands of 1000 or 10,000 men in the accomplishment of a useful object more than piling up dollars in the bank. The dollars are to him, in a sense, comparable to the applause and the recognition of merit which are the chief source of delight to artists in other lines of activity."

John Wanamaker once said to Joseph Appel, then his advertising manager, that money was not made by aiming at money, but by doing things well. Profits are a by-product. Some get rich because they are so engrossed in the doing. The profits mount up, because it is a job that interests them. The world is more interesting than it has ever been, dazzling opportunities break every day, and these men who are too interested to let go are realizing the opportunities, making realities out of fairy tales, and having, as President Roosevelt would have said, a perfectly corking time doing it!

# Philadelphia Pays for Liquor

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly (December 1, '28)

William G. Shepherd

TWO years ago a majority of the citizens of Philadelphia voted for "Vare and Beer." It didn't get Vare, although it elected him to the Senate, because the Senate refused him his seat. But if anyone doubts that Philadelphia got "Beer" and more, he has only to peep under the lid which has been raised on Philadelphia's police scandal by John Monaghan, the District Attorney of Philadelphia County.

"Judge" Monaghan took his law degree from the University of Pennsylvania, and has lived in Philadelphia for half a century. A year or so ago he finished a brilliant and fearless decade as Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. Then the people of Philadelphia named him for reelection on both the Republican and Democratic tickets. Not only that—the same tickets carried his name for District Attorney. He was elected to both posts. He accepted the difficult District Attorney's office, because he wanted to drive banditry from Philadelphia.

Monaghan believes that banditry can thrive only where police are venal. If a policeman does not want gang shootings and lawlessness on his beat—there will be none. If lawlessness goes on amid general police lassitude, then there is strong reason to suspect police protection. Following a couple of murders, in which the police were conspicuous by their inactivity, John Monaghan went to work on his theory.

Now Monaghan happens to be that most feared type in public life—a man with no political ambitions. A bachelor, living modestly, he has a comfortable competence, hard won in his days as a practicing lawyer. The Phila-

delphia Republican machine, knowing his qualities, moved hurriedly and anxiously.

Mayor Mackey, Vare satellite, summoned his police captains and ordered them to go to the District Attorney and offer their "fullest coöperation to him in his work."

In a body these police pachyderms tramped solemnly into the District Attorney's office, and, with virtue sitting on their smug jowls, avowed love and kisses. Foremost in the ranks were Captains Schoenleber, Knoell and Cohen. Monaghan was to see them again—very soon.

This comic-opera demonstration fooled nobody. Monaghan simply saw that to the bold blocking by 5000 Philadelphia cops was added hypocrisy in high places. Against these obstacles he could pit but a meager force: himself; his assistant Attorney Schofield; Chief McKewen of the County Detectives, and a dozen detectives. It looked pretty hopeless.

The break came late one night. Chief McKewen—ruggedly loyal, and as two-fisted as Monaghan is gentle—got a tip that Mrs. Julia Shadis, a Lithuanian widow who ran a saloon on the corner of Fifth and Master streets, was paying for protection.

Monaghan struck instantly. Before midnight the woman was brought before him.

"Sure," she confided in answer to his mild questions, "I sell booze; but the police can't arrest me."

"Why not?"

"They can't, mister. Don't I pay \$25 a week so they can't?"

"To whom do you pay this?"

"Well, the first week I was running I

give it to a saloonkeeper. He's the collector. But I never seen him again. He told me to give it to my bartender every week. That's what I been doing." She revealed, without hesitation, the names and addresses of the bartender and saloonkeeper. In three shakes Chief McKewen dropped on the pair and fetched them in, separately.

At first the bartender denied receiving the money. Finally he admitted that he got it—and kept it. Confronted with the saloonkeeper, there was hesitation—and, finally, admission. The saloonkeeper admitted that he collected \$25 from each of 19 other saloonkeepers in the district and passed it along to the special officer of the ward.

In Philadelphia wards the "special officer" is a plain-clothes cop on the intimate staff of the Captain of Police. The special officer of the ward was summoned. He denied it all, flatly and indignantly. Then: "Oh, hell, yeah, I got it all right. I paid it to the Captain."

Captain Knoell, of that ward, was on a vacation. Monaghan sent after him and stood him up before a specially convened Grand Jury. He faced Monaghan's persistent questions with sour denials. Monaghan swerved in his attack and uncovered the fact that Knoell had given \$5000 in cash to a sweetheart to keep for him. Knoell tried to bluster that this represented honest savings. But there was no withstanding the corroding questions of this little man. The Captain admitted that the \$5000 was graft. He was indicted, tried, and convicted. Monaghan has the \$5000 in custody; it was the first deposit in what was destined to be a sizeable account.

This affair was the beginning. In a little while Captain Schoenleber was squirming under the eyes of the Grand Jury. And now the whole system had come to light. Throughout the entire metropolitan district the 1185 regular saloons had been told off into groups of 20 each. One saloonkeeper of each 20 was designated as collector, and turned over the pot either to some lawyer or to a police official. The 13,000 speakeasies

which existed paid tribute in much the same way, except that the price paid was more variable.

When one saloonkeeper collector mentioned a practicing lawyer as the man to whom he had paid the graft, the District Attorney could hardly credit his hearing. But the saloonkeeper insisted, and gave the name.

Monaghan summoned him; the man of his own cloth. He hardly believed it, but the lawyer readily admitted his part; gave, in fact, an itemized accounting, as follows:

Received from the saloonkeeper \$12,195 in all.  
\$7444 paid to the ward captain of police.  
\$251 paid for two railroad tickets for the ward political leader and his alternate as delegates to the Republican Convention at Kansas City.  
The balance deposited in three banks.

The lawyer readily wrote out checks in the District Attorney's favor for the undistributed graft. Not to be outdone, the saloonkeeper who had snitched, and who had eagerly listened to the lawyer's story, suddenly dug into his pocket, as if by an afterthought:

"Oh, say, Judge—wait a minute, I almost forgot. Here's 550 bucks I just collected and ain't turned over yet." The District Attorney's bank account was growing.

Well, in Captain Schoenleber's case the muddy trail splashed higher. It soiled Matthew Patterson, Esquire, member of the State Legislature and political leader of the 19th ward. Schoenleber and the Honorable Patterson were indicted, tried, and convicted of bribery and extortion. Monaghan was getting results: but the saddest spectacle of all was yet to come.

One day Colonel Samuel Wynne, in charge of the federal men in Philadelphia, raided a small still belonging to a "Whitey" Clearfield. In Mr. Clearfield's paraphernalia was found a small account book containing the names of a police captain, several sergeants and 23 patrolmen. Opposite each name was set down a certain sum under weekly date heads.

Colonel Wynne took the book to Monaghan. Clearfield was hauled in. Then  
(Continued on page 574)

# The Permanence of Values

Condensed from The Survey-Graphic (December, '28)

Richard C. Cabot

**W**HAT can give values permanence? By "values" I mean nothing more than what some one desires. The good, the true, and the beautiful, progress, efficiency, freedom, self-expression, economic soundness, love—such are a few of the things you and I want. What can one do to make these values permanent, or tend to keep them so?

My answer is: *The quality which can make values permanent is their interrelatedness one with another and with the whole.* Insofar as they are interlocking, tied together in memory, combined as the notes of a chord of music—insofar they will be, I believe, permanent.

*Any single value, no matter how good, by itself tends to get arid and stale.* Matthew Arnold's remarks about "sweetness and light" were perfectly true in their time and place. But when one has wallowed for a time in sweetness and light one feels like saying, "Give me a hard fact with some bite to it—anything to get out of sweetness and light."

Humor is an eternal value. Yet is there anything more mournful in this world than a professional humorist? Why? Because, like any other value in this world, humor cannot live by itself.

Take the value called "love." If you want to make love permanent, what are you going to do about it? You are going to summon every allied interest that you can find, and you need them all. You must have seen many instances where two people start out in love and think they are going to keep their love alive forever just through loving each other. But love, to be permanent, has to draw into itself other values: the value of working together; the value of finding

beauty together in nature or art; the value of learning together; the value of suffering together—for suffering, as I see it, can be a real value. Isn't that the way to deepen and make permanent our love?

Or take science. Louis Pasteur told his students to "live in the serene peace of the laboratories." But was it so in his own life? No. Nothing stirred him more deeply or was more productive of new truth through his labors than the bite of a mad dog on a child. From that came years of furious work, disappointment, and finally joy in the discovery of preventive inoculation for hydrophobia. His science had been interwoven with other human activities.

It is a common experience that when we have gone through anything especially vital to us, like war, or the loss of some one dear to us, or a great failure, or a great success, we begin to see our familiar surroundings with different eyes. We find something more, something better, in our work. How could this be unless values come to a single center and get their permanence in that?

What did Browning mean when he wrote:

Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be.

Did he not know that old age makes people lose their eyes, their ears, their muscles, their brains? What he meant, I think, is that because we can learn to value everything by valuing anything intensely, we become, as we grow older, capable of loving more people, more books, more of nature and art, more jokes, more jobs, so that in a sense "the best is yet to be"—as long as we can grow old, not by senility, but by *loving with* all that we have learned.



(Continued from page 572)  
came the astounding information that this one little still, with a daily output of 50 to 75 gallons, was fostering nearly 30 police parasites: "I paid out \$210 weekly," claimed Clearfield: "\$75 to Captain Cohen, smaller sums to the sergeants, \$5 to each patrolman."

The ignominious crowd was swiftly indicted. Then came the spectacle.

At the very moment that Mayor Harry A. Mackey was piously standing before a Philadelphia church congregation and asserting that "Philadelphia is a spotless town," Chief McKewen was marching the 23 cops, several sergeants, and one captain into common cells. And McKewen made 'em keep step!

It was by now patent to Monaghan that the Philadelphia police force, with exceptions of course, had been turned from a law-enforcing machine into a money-collecting machine. He questioned every police captain in Philadelphia, and scoured the banks for suspicious accounts. In one bank records of 14 accounts were found, all under fictitious names, through which over \$10,000,000 had passed in two years. Some of the checks from these mysterious accounts were found in the hands of bootleggers and in other criminal circles.

*Not less than \$18,527,700 a year has been paid out for booze graft in Philadelphia during the past two or three years!*

But this isn't all. When a policeman goes crooked on one thing he goes crooked on all. He can't be dishonest about prohibition and honest about gambling and prostitution. That's why 300 bawdy houses have been in operation in Philadelphia recently. They too can afford to pay heavy graft money.

How did all this corruption start in Philadelphia?

"It all began," one of Philadelphia's best-posted journalists told me, "with Smedley Butler's famous Unit No. 1."

Unit No. 1 was Brigadier General Smedley Butler's squad of 100 supposedly incorruptible cops. Butler, it will

be remembered, was lent to the city of Philadelphia by President Coolidge to rescue the city from booze and crime, two years ago. His campaign was brilliant, though Butler himself told me that the casualties from corruption were high in Unit No. 1.

"I turn them right out of the Unit as soon as I find they're the least bit crooked," Butler told me, "and put them right back on their beats." It is a fact that Butler had no means of discharging policemen; to punish them by putting them back on the sidewalks was the best he could do under the Philadelphia charter.

"Every one of those men sent back on the beat was a poison spot in the police department," the journalist told me. "Ordinary policemen were not allowed by Butler to interfere with blind pigs. He made this rule to try to prevent graft on the beats. Booze raids were to be confined to his hand-picked Unit. The Unit men were the first to discover how much big money there really was in booze. They passed the word along, even while Butler was in power."

After Butler left the situation steadily grew worse. More and more places were opened. The word went throughout the underworld that Philadelphia was open.

District Attorney Monaghan has made this amazing discovery:

Each Republican ward leader had been given the right to select as police captain any captain he wished. Police captains naturally chose sergeants and policemen suitable to the ward leader. The police were thus almost completely in the power of the ward leader.

Philadelphia wanted beer. The politicians tossed aside a law and gave them beer.

The only trouble was: You can't pick out any certain law to throw away. Throw away one and you practically throw away all.

Lawlessness was the price Philadelphia had to pay for what it wanted to drink.



# Heroes of the Polar Wastes

Condensed from The North American Review (December, '28)

Frank H. Shaw

IN all the glorious record of Arctic heroism I doubt if there is a more perfect page than that on which is inscribed the simple-souled glory of a certain Captain Oates. We know how Scott's handicapped, almost spent, party which had found the South Pole after incredible hardships, retreated with a sense of depression because the honor of initial victory had been taken from them by that man who recently vanished into the awful silence of the Boreal unknown. We know how Scott's provisions dwindled, and how the courage that had driven his men on weakened when their reputedly strong man failed to stay the course. We remember how Oates, weak and hurt,—realizing that, if they slowed pace to keep abreast of him, they must all perish,—walked out into the hideous drive of the blizzard, to die alone—alone, if you please, when everyone who has paused on death's threshold knows how the human soul craves companionship in the hour of its passing. Ten thousand years of Polar history will never exceed that record. But all the pæans of praise can never excel the little tribute paid him by those he perished to aid: "Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman!"

But he was only one of countless Arctic heroes. And there are many whose stories never will be known. Only here and there do odd, halting words leak out from frost-bitten lips to tell of this man or that who surrendered himself for the common weal.

A shipmate of mine told me in my youth, when we were fast in the Antarctic ice, the epic story of the cook of an Arctic whaler, who, when the

crew was compelled to take refuge on floe ice, deliberately and secretly bled himself pint by agonized pint, in order to put sustenance into the meager soup of biscuit crumbs and occasional shellfish which was all the eatables the party were able to discover. Only when he died did they discover the wound, jealously bandaged to conceal it from their sight, by which his life had been spent for them!

It is one thing to be heroic in the heat of fierce action, with the feeling that the eyes of the world are watching. But it is not easy to be gallant when the blood is thick in the veins because of the awful rigor, and when the roots of the human soul are frozen. And yet, to the glory of our common humanity, the splendid tale goes on.

We have that remarkable instance of another whaler's crew whose captain, gangrened and dying, bade his men strive on across the floes and leave him to his fate, as recorded in the log of the *Arcturus*; of how his men refused to obey, and remained with him till he died, so far imperiling themselves because of the loosening floes that of them all, but one remained alive; for the ice on which they were marooned drifted out to sea and there melted bit by bit, one man after another sliding into the green waters to lessen the load and so give the remainder a chance, until there remained but the one white-haired survivor, clasping in his arms the stirring record of courage, which was never published broadcast, but which only leaked out by chance.

If such are the actors in the Polar drama, what of their stage? The lonely, hostile Polar spaces "bar their

gates with iron and shutter their doors with flame" when the nutshell navies of the temperate world attempt to force their frowning ramparts. Over the gaunt plains the Aurora flares at once an invitation and a threat. High-piled hummocks glimmer in the unearthly radiance, as soulless as the gems for which other adventurers dare the hotter latitudes. A vast and perpetual loneliness lingers over the land. What though the Poles have been conquered and reconquered by gallant men? The Boreal spaces are unimpressed. A stark flag, scarred by the gale-driven wind; a cairn to mark a cache, or a piteous grave: these are all the difference.

With a temperature of anything down to 70 below Fahrenheit zero, existence is a difficult thing. Snow, driven before an almost eternal gale, is there and solid ice, scarring deeply what it touches. That wind chills the marrow, no matter what protective clothing is donned. The ice is not smooth and alluring, as we know it in temperate climes; it is tumbled in chaotic masses, up-ended into giant crags, torn into fearsome crevasses. Death mows and gibbers from behind every hummock. The gale drives and drives; it beats down and hits at the rising figures before they reach their knees. It tears the skin of faces open to inflict gangrenous sores.

True, there are periods of calm, which are fleeting and deceptive. When the earth reveals itself it is bleak and sterile, breeding only a worthless moss. To walk is excruciating: the ridged surfaces cut the stoutest leather like evil knives. Occasionally, to make perversity perfect, gaping chasms are deceptively covered with frozen snow, through which the unwary may be precipitated

to quick death or lingering hopeless agony.

Here is one final true story of the remorselessness of the Arctic: tragic, as are most of the Polar tales. Two men, sealers, were cast away in the Northern wastes. They found the Arctic, instead of breeding within them a common bond of brotherhood, bred only hostility. Often it is so—men can grow to hate very cordially in the brooding silences. Ultimately, when they reached the ice-coast, one killed the other with a bullet through the brain; and then, fearing his deed, threw the murdered body down a deep crevasse. He followed the ice coastline for wearisome leagues, existing on such fish as he could contrive to catch, eaten raw; until he chanced on a nomad tribe of Eskimos. By their help he reached civilization, and told a tale that his comrade had died of exposure. The tale was believed.

But the crevasse into which the dead man's body had been thrown proved a traitorous sepulchre. Foot by foot the glacier, in which the crevasse was but a nick, moved seaward, until it cracked and a berg was calved from the parent mass. That berg, seized by the ocean currents, drifted South, lessening as the warmer seas washed it until it was merely a minor iceberg among many. It was located by the international ice patrol. Enshrined within it, as in a glass casket, was the perfectly preserved body of the murdered man—with all evidence to show that his death was not brought about by misadventure but by set intent. I do not know whether the killer paid the full penalty of his crime. I only know that the Arctic proved remorseless to the last.

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